NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 29. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1845. WHOLE NUMBER 289.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy,
} Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—$2 00 a year, in advance; $2 50 if not paid within six months.

☞ $10 00, in advance, will pay for SIX copies, for one year, sent to one address.

☞ TWENTY copies, or more, will be sent to one address, at $1 50 each.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Herald.

THE ABOLITION RIOT ON THE ATLANTIC.

My attention has recently been called to an article published in a Massachusetts paper, which contains an extract from a letter written by "one of the Hutchinson family," in relation to the disturbance on board the English steamer Cambria, on her return trip to England, in August last. The Hutchinsons were passengers, and any statement published by them must be recognized as correct until contradicted, and then, of course, a difference of opinion must exist in the minds of those who may read the two statements, one of which I propose to give, and which can be substantiated by a reference to the passengers on board at the time.

We left Boston on Saturday, the 16th of August, with 95 cabin passengers, including the "Hutchinson family." In the second cabin, or steerage, were about a dozen passengers, including a fugitive slave, by the name of "Frederick Douglass," and a celebrated Massachusetts Abolitionist, by the name of "Buffum." I shall pass over various incidents which transpired on the voyage, which might, and which ought to, excite the strongest indignation against the Commander, (Judkins,) believing the one will be sufficient to condemn him in the minds of every American. It is a custom (known by all who have ever crossed in these steamers,) for the Captain to give, the day before arrival into port, a champaigne dinner; I say it is a custom known to all. I have often crossed, and as it has always been practised, I conclude it is as much of an established rule, as it is for the Captain to say grace at the table one moment, and curse some poor steward or sailor the next. The day before our arrival in Liverpool, the party was given, as usual. Among the number who enjoyed this party was Capt. Charles H. E. Judkins. When he came on deck, Mr. "Jesse Hutchinson," by the request of this "Mr. Buffum," his three brothers, perhaps a half a dozen Englishmen, and probably the negro himself, asked the Captain if he would allow Mr. Douglass to make some remarks on the subject of Slavery, and occupy the promenade deck for that purpose. He, the Captain, immediately gave his assent, and ordered one of his stewards to ring the hand-bell in different parts of the ship and request all the passengers to retire to the deck. It was done, and when they had all met, probably not twenty of the hundred passengers knew for what purpose they had been called together. The Captain then came forward and said, "Some of the passengers had expressed a desire to hear Mr. Douglass speak on the subject of Slavery. Mr. Douglass was a fugitive slave, and could speak from experience of this institution. He was a man, who, although black, could put many of us to the blush," &c. &c.; and closed his address by adding, "Those who do not like or wish to hear him can go below." A portion of the American passengers retired to the saloon, myself among the number, to take into consideration the propriety of expressing our feelings in some proper way, that the public might know the respect, or want of respect, paid to Americans on board this steamer. While we were consulting we were disturbed by a noise on deck. We went up and found all in a state of great excitement. It originated, I learned, as follows, and that these are the facts there can be no doubt. Douglass commenced by referring to philanthropic England, and the example she had shown us by freeing her slaves. He then proposed to read some of the slave laws in the different States, and commenced with Georgia. He had proceeded but a few moments when a gentleman, a citizen of Connecticut, interrupted him, and said, "It was enough to be compelled to hear him, as a mouth-piece of the Captain, insult Americans with his remarks; but if he had any State laws to read, to read them, and not attempt to palm off any of his abolition tracts as the laws of Georgia or any other State. He had lived many years in Georgia, and was well acquainted with her laws, and knew he was not reading any of them." The insulting reply was—"He was not aware before that there was any American blackguards on board, but,"——He had said enough, and there was not an American on board that ship who would have submitted to a further insult from a negro, captain, or crew. The Captain, who was in the mess-room, came aft and interfered. He said, "he was commander of the Cambria—he was an Englishman—he had given Mr. Douglass permission to speak, and if he was disposed, he might go on, and he would protect him; but if he (Douglass) would take his advice, he would leave the deck and his hearers, with contempt." He, of course, went. The Captain then said, and repeated, "that he did not care a damn for his passengers. Gentlemen, you have drank my health, you have drank success to my ship, for which I thanked you; but I wish you to understand I don't care a d—n for you." The Captain is unable to plead the excuse that he did not know there was any objection among the passengers to hear Douglass speak. Before he commenced, I went to him and reminded him of the probability of its ending in a disturbance, telling him the subject of Slavery was one upon which Americans were very sensitive; and without questioning his privileges as commander, he ought to consult the feelings of his passengers, a good portion of whom were Americans. His reply to me was what I did not expect. I will refrain from mentioning it, believing enough has been said to show the feelings entertained by Captain Charles H. E. Judkins towards Americans. Your correspondent returned to America in the same steamer, and under the same person's command. He more than once told some of his passengers "that he did not care a d—n for them. He was independent and above them all—they could be pleased or not; it mattered not a d—n to him."

One hint with regard to the mission of Douglass and Buffum to England. A few days before I left Liverpool, I saw in a Dublin paper an advertisement announcing that Mr. Douglass, a fugitive American slave, would lecture on the horrors of American Slavery. Is there to be a movement by the Abolitionists to secure, directly or indirectly, the assistance of Dan. O'Connell and the Irish to further their hypocritical movements? It is too bad that Americans can be found who will attempt to villify our country as these wandering Abolition lecturers do, both at home and abroad. TRAVELLER.

P. S.—If I recollect, Mr. Hutchinson referred to a gentleman from New Orleans who took an active part in the disturbance. There was no passenger south of Philadelphia, which will account for the quiet manner in which it was passed over.

Selections.

From the London Inquirer, of October 18.

REV. DR. PARKMAN, OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

DEAR SIR:—I am glad to find my remarks in the Inquirer of August the 30th, relative to Dr. Parkman, have not passed unnoticed. In your number of the 27th September, I find that an anonymous writer has entered the field in the defence of Dr. Parkman and Dr. Dewey; and I may fairly infer, of all those other Unitarian clergymen in America, who, by their criminal silence in their own country, on the subject of Slavery, are justly ranked by Abolitionists among the pro-slavery party. I do not wonder that "Amicus," (what an odd name to be assumed by a defender of Slavery!) taking the position he has done on this question, should shrink from giving his own name to the public. I do not like noticing nameless animadversions; but, as a right action in regard to Slavery in America, on the part of Unitarians in these kingdoms, is a matter of deep importance, I shall, with your kind permission, reply, as briefly as possible, to the letter signed "Amicus." I am charged with making an impression "*unjust* and *injurious* with regard to some of our transatlantic friends." That I may have conveyed an impression *injurious* to them, in many minds, I do not deny; my intention was to do so—in so far as letting the Unitarians of these countries know something of their pro-slavery feelings would be an injury to their moral character at this side of the Atlantic. But that I was *unjust*, I cannot admit; and I think the whole tenor of Amicus's letter goes to prove, as far as the reasoning of an advocate may be taken as the argument of his principle, that I did no more than simple justice in putting Dr. Parkman down as the extenuator of Slavery as it now exists in America, if he be not an absolute pro-slavery man. And "Amicus" forces me to place him in the same category. It is true that they, both of them, deny this imputation; but let us inquire how far they deserve to be exempt from it. Dr. Parkman, when at home, preserves a cautious silence on the question of Slavery; he carefully avoids all intercourse with those who declare that the man who turns a fellow-creature into a chattel—who supports a system of disgusting licentiousness, by tearing asunder the marriage tie at pleasure—who advocates a practice that sanctions the most merciless punishments—who declares, by his acts, that human beings must be kept forever in a state of brutal ignorance—and that the man who would help the negro to cultivate the intellect which God has given him, is worthy of death—(for this is the law in some of the States)—who upholds the horrid practice of breeding men and women for sale, as we breed the brute creation—who tell the men who are guilty of these, and a thousand other atrocious acts, that they are sinners, and not Christians at all. Dr. Parkman not only keeps aloof from the men who denounce these crimes; but he repudiates all connection with them. They bear that hated name, Abolitionist, and he will have nothing to do with them: he condemns their conduct *in toto*, and he adopts no means for "undoing the heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free," for knocking off the chains from three millions of his fellow-men, save the dry preaching, in his pulpit, of an abstract Christianity. I ask the Unitarians of Great Britain and Ireland, if ministers who act thus coolly on the subject of human rights in America, a subject which is shaking the foundations of society in that land, are in the performance of their duty? or whether they deserve the name of faithful teachers of the doctrines of our Saviour? So much for Dr. Parkman's title to be considered as a friend of the emancipation of his colored brethren. I need hardly adduce proof that "Amicus" deserves the title just as little. His own letter condemns him. He talks against the "great iniquity" of Slavery, but he puts off its abolition forever; for he tells us that America has "neither the power nor the inclination" to pay the price which our Government paid to the West India planters. That "pecuniary effort" was an act of tries. "Amicus" may rest assured that all men, who, like himself, Dr. Parkman, and Dr. Dewey, throw a veil over the iniquities of slaveholding—who palliate the acts of man-stealers—who talk of their system being "bound up in property," and who extend the hand of Christian fellowship to slaveholders—will be considered by them as their best supporters. There can be no halting between two opinions on this matter; he that is not an Abolitionist, that is, a man who insists on the right of all his brethren to *immediate and unqualified freedom*, must be a pro-slavery man; for he is willing to rob his brother of his rights, and he strives to stifle his own conscientious convictions by professing an intention to "do justly and love mercy" at "a more convenient season." I asked Dr. Parkman if his own child was carried away and sold as a slave, would he be silent, and would he give the hand of Christian fellowship to the robber? I ask "Amicus" the same question: and, if he be an honest man, he will act on this great question of human rights, in accordance with the answer he would give me. I accuse Dr. Parkman of being false to his own convictions in this respect; I accuse every Unitarian who does not hold with the Abolitionists, that Slavery is a sin, and that every slaveholder is a sinner; of being also false to his own convictions of truth and justice; and, in the name of humanity—in the name of Christianity—in the name of all that men hold dear upon earth; and by their hopes of happiness in Heaven,—I entreat the Unitarians of Great Britain and Ireland, to sustain the purity of their high and noble profession, by declaring to their fellow-professors in America their solemn determination not to recognize as Christian men, those who hold their brethren in Slavery; or any who will not declare that it is the duty of the master to make his slave instantly free.

What does "Amicus" mean by saying, "Now, on this subject, a vast deal of information is required which is not before us?" Surely we know that three millions of our fellow-men are held in Slavery in America, by men who speak the same language that we do, who may be called our own blood relations, and whose social and political relations are similar to our own;—what more information do we need to teach us our duty? The Abolitionists only ask us to use lawful and moral means to assist them; they entreat us to bring the powerful force of enlightened public opinion to aid them in assisting to free their nation from the great curse which afflicts it, and which depresses the rising greatness of a people, whose institutions, in other respects, have much in them to challenge the admiration of the world. "Amicus" must excuse my use of the word "bamboozle;" for, although not a very elegant term, it is yet an expressive one, to convey an idea of the feelings of those Americans who talk to us of their "peculiar institutions," and of the necessity of our understanding "exactly how they are situated in relation to Slavery." I can only characterize this as a mean and despicable course for them to pursue; it is a course evidently intended to soften the indignant feeling of Europe, and make men among us, who have not *thought* much on the subject of human rights, quiet their consciences by the conclusion that they have talked over the matter with intelligent Americans, who acknowledge that Slavery was an evil, but that, owing to peculiar circumstances, which Europeans did not, or could not, comprehend, no mode of abolishing it, that could be acted on, had yet been proposed. It is to put Unitarians on their guard against such arguments as these, used by such men as Dr. Parkman, and Dr. Dewey, that I have brought the subject before them. I am satisfied, if we act faithfully in this matter, if we prevent our minds from being biased by such sentiments because they proceed from learned men—from men held in high estimation by many; and who, apart from the questions of Slavery and prejudice against color, may be most excellent and worthy characters—if we stick steadily to the principles of truth and justice in our communications with such individuals as these, great good must be the result; for it is by "the foolishness of preaching," by an unceasing operation on the consciences of slaveholders, by making them *feel* that they are despised, and by exciting their apprehensions about their condition in a future state, and not by force, or the operation of any merely political action, that the freedom of the slave is to be achieved. "Amicus" has not faith in the value of this moral power, and he refers me to "Clarkson's History," in proof of its inefficacy. I never read that work; but I doubt if such a sentiment could be found in any of the late writings of that eminent and noble-hearted old man. I should repudiate it wherever found. The only plan of procedure in this matter I can offer for the consideration of "American statesmen" is, the Christian plan of "doing unto others as they would be done by;" and most assuredly this would be a wise as well as a just mode of action in the case of Slavery. Does "Amicus" imagine that the wealth of the slaveholder consists in his slaves? It is not they, but the produce of their labor, that constitutes his wealth; and as slave-labor is dearer than free-labor, holding slaves is a loss, and not a gain to their masters. Free them, and the work will be more economically done. Joseph John Gurney, in his "Winter in the West Indies," proves this to be true to every candid and intelligent mind. Indeed, it needs no proof; it is a self-evident truth that man will work better, under the stimulus of wages, than under the stimulus of the whip.

But my letter has already extended to a great length; I have not the art of compressing my ideas into a few words. I wish "Amicus" to believe that I write in no unkind spirit; my wish is to assist in abolishing Slavery, which I look upon as a crime of such enormous magnitude, that all other crimes pale before it. It seems to me an impious attempt to fetter the Almighty; for it is the spirit of the Almighty in the soul of man which elevates us above the brute creation.

"Amicus" quotes the text of Scripture against me which says, "Judge not that ye be not judged." If by this he means that I am not to judge harshly, not to attribute bad motives when the actions of men allow me, or warrant me, in attributing good ones, then I agree with him in the propriety of his quotation; but if he means that I am not, because I am imperfect myself, to say to the sheep-stealer, the highwayman, the adulterer, and, worse than all these, to the man-stealer, among whom the American "soul-driver" stands foremost in iniquity,—if I am not to say to these men, you are sinners, and, if you would please God, or stand well with your fellow-men, you must at once relinquish your wicked practices, then I dissent from him; for the admission of such a principle as that would be, to close the mouth of every preacher, to shut up every pulpit and every hall of justice, and leave each man to pursue a course of evil, or of virtue, as his inclination might lead him. We dare not open our mouth to warn an erring brother, because of the "beam in our own eye."

"Amicus" charges me with bringing my accusation in an indefinite form. I do not think I have done so. I know I do not always convey my ideas with clearness; I can only say that I endeavor to do so. I do not complain of even severe criticism; that I expect, and have a right to bear. All I entreat is, a candid interpretation of my motives. I wish to see Unitarians foremost in every good work, strenuous in their support of the rights of humanity, and firm in the maintenance of high principle.—These are my objects; good men will sympathize with me, and not feel that I act unjustly, when I point out the want of manly and honest zeal in those whose sympathies flow so freely towards the *tender-hearted*, and *most sadly ill-used slaveholder*, that they have not an atom of heart left for the *under-worked*, *over-fed*, *happy*, *well-clad slave*, whose condition they sometimes paint in such glowing colors, that one almost wonders the master does not occasionally change place with the slave, in order that he might enjoy some portion of earthly happiness.

I wished to have added a little on the subject of that shameful prejudice against color which disgraces ALL the churches in the nominally free States of the American Union; but I must forbear, having already made too large a demand on your kindness for the insertion of this long letter.

I hope "Amicus" will repent him of his sin against humanity, by appearing to sanction the right of holding men in bondage, even for an hour; and that if he replies to this letter, he will do it in his own name. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35 Eccles-street, Dublin, 3d Oct. 1845.

From the Bible Christian.

REV. DR. DEWEY.

35 ECCLES-STREET, DUBLIN, 6th Oct. 1845.

DEAR SIR:—I have read the article entitled "Character and Claims of Seafaring Men," by Dr. Dewey, in your number for September, with mingled feelings of pleasure and of sorrow. Of pleasure, because of its beautiful and eloquent appeals in behalf of a class of men eminently entitled to the sympathy and kind offices of all their brethren, in all countries. Of sorrow, that a man so highly endowed by God with talents of a high order; with an intellect highly cultivated; and with fine feelings capable of being made instrumental in promotion of the highest happiness of his race—should be deaf to the cries of three millions of his fellow-men in his own country, who are appealing to him for that assistance which he is so well able to afford them, to help them to shake off the galling chains in which they are physically and mentally bound. If appeals to the philanthropic and religious feelings of mankind on behalf of seamen, be worthy of commendation—and who is there that will not accord to those who devote talents in so noble a cause the highest meed of approbation?—how much more deserving of praise and honor would Dr. Dewey be, if, in addition to these worthy labors, he spent a portion of his time, and expended some of the glowing thoughts of his mind, on behalf of his colored brethren in the land of his birth! He feels that seamen are a class of men highly useful in the world; he knows they are generally greatly neglected by society; he is anxious to do his part in calling the attention of his country to the necessity of doing something to instruct and elevate a class which contributes so largely to the general comfort and happiness of society; and in his effort thus to do good, I hope he may be eminently successful. Already a great deal has been accomplished, particularly in America, for seamen. "Sailors' Homes" have been established in many places. Perhaps there is no man living who has labored with more zeal on behalf of sailors than my friend, Mr. J. S. Buckingham, who has brought his long practical knowledge of their habits and feelings to bear upon the subject, and who has pointed out practical means of saving them out of the hands of "land sharks," who rob them remorselessly of both money and character. It is a noble work for Dr. Dewey to be engaged in, when he endeavors to awaken public sentiment in favor of seamen. But, if little pains be taken by society to guard the morals and improve the religious condition of seamen, there is literally nothing at all done in these respects for the poor slave. On the contrary, in America, in that land which sends out missionaries to all quarters of the earth, to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to all who have never heard the news, the colored man is studiously prevented from acquiring a knowledge of that Bible which his oppressors hypocritically tell the world they are anxious to make instrumental in enlightening the whole world. Dr. Dewey well knows this to be true, and yet he is not only silent in view of this great wickedness himself, but he makes himself conspicuous in his country among those who condemn the Abolitionists, who are the only men found willing to cry aloud in behalf of three millions of God's dear children in the United States of America. If these men, feeling keenly for the wrongs of their colored brethren, are not always careful to use silken language in their condemnation of those who turn God's image into a chattel, an article of merchandise, who tear the flesh off the backs of their sisters and brothers, who tear the husband and wife, and their children asunder at pleasure—out comes Dr. Dewey in condemnation of them; and although he professes to abhor Slavery, he throws the full weight of his influence into the scale with the manstealer, who, instead of being offended at his gentle whispers of rebuke, so very gentle as not even to ruffle the proverbially hasty temper of these haughty criminals, look upon him, and all who pursue a similar course, as their best friends; and justly they look upon them as such, for these lull the conscience of the wrong-doer; they allow him to imagine that even religion sets comfortably by while he outrages his brother, and hurls defiance at God, and leaves it to himself to determine whether he shall ever "do justly and love mercy." The *peculiar* nature of Slavery in America makes it necessary to throw the veil of charity over the acts of the enslaver, and even those who declare that "Slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, and that they hope it will be maintained to the latest generations," are to be taken warmly by the hand, and accounted good Christians. Is there no way, my dear Sir, in which the Unitarians of these countries can act so as to convince their brethren in America that such a course of conduct is disgraceful to our profession of Christianity, that it is totally and entirely opposed to Christianity, and that we cannot in any way sanction it? I believe there is a way of effecting this object, a way that is just in principle, and charitable in action, and which, if adopted by us, will prove of incalculable advantage to the cause of freedom in America. It is simply by making our feelings on the subject fully known. When Americans visit our country, let us not be "mealy mouthed" with them on the subject of Slavery; let us make them *feel* that we abhor it, and that we look upon it and its abettors as disentitled to our kindly regard, and that we cannot shake hands cordially with the man-stealer, and that we look upon the minister who palliates his crime, as a man unfit to take his place in our pulpits, as a bad expounder of the precepts of our blessed Saviour, part of whose mission on earth was, to "undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free." Let all our intercourse with our Americans friends be of this character, and if we do not touch their hearts and make them feel that they are criminal in the sight of God and man, so long as they neglect active exertion and preaching "in season and out of season," in order to free their country from the curse of Slavery, we shall at least be doing our duty. And, as has been said by an eloquent Abolitionist in America, "We are not sent into the world to emancipate the slave—we are sent into it to do our duty." "Duty is ours—consequences, God's."

While reading Dr. Dewey's address on behalf of seamen, I was strongly impressed with a feeling that almost every sentence of it was peculiarly applicable to the poor slave in his own country, and I ardently wished that talents such as his should also be devoted to his claims. As I read, I marked passages, intending to quote them, and comment on them, but the intelligent reader would readily see that the entire discourse was applicable in a yet stronger degree to the three millions of his countrymen held in chains, than to the one hundred and fifty thousand seamen on whose behalf he more particularly appealed to his audience. I shall note but one or two passages. Dr. Dewey asks—"Are we willing that our food, clothing, comfort, or luxury, brought from the other side of the world, should be purchased at this expense? Alas! how many of the enjoyments of the world *are* obtained on this terrible condition! On how many of our garments is the spot of blood! On how many of them fall the sweat and tears of uncompensated toil? Into how many of our luxuries is infused the smart of human anguish! We do not bring this near to us, else we could not bear it." This passage, in allusion to the seaman's privations, is eloquent and touching, but it loses its force when we know it is uttered in a land where laws keep in cruel bondage, and make merchandise of, three millions of slaves. If my voice or my words could reach Dr. Dewey, I would implore of him as a man, I would *demand* of him as a Christian minister, to come forward with equal zeal for the suppression of the greater evil, and by his sincerity in this respect, convince the world that he is really desirous to please God by serving his fellow-men. My words will be read, I hope, by some at home. I entreat them to throw their influence heartily on the side of humanity—to assist in every effort to improve the condition of the neglected seaman, but not to neglect the claims of the oppressed negro.

One other passage from the Doctor's address, and I shall conclude. In speaking of the happier prospects which dawn upon the seaman's isolated ex-[illegible] is on the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footstep is not known.' Bibles and good books, provided by kind friends, went out with them; prayers and good exhortations were uttered in their ears; and the blinding mists of intemperance had already fallen from their eyes; and now they have seen the light, and felt the power of a new creation." Here Dr. Dewey dwells with delight on the moral and religious views which are beginning to dignify and expand the mind of the seaman. Where are his sympathies for the three millions of darkened heathens almost within the sound of his voice? from whose souls the light of truth is carefully shut out; who are kept in brutish ignorance, because intelligence would make them men, and enable them to shake off their chains; whom it is a crime, in the eye of the law, to teach to read—a crime in some of the States of the Union punishable with death? Dr. Dewey, and many other Unitarian clergymen in America, who are anything but warm in their zeal on behalf of their colored brethren, are well aware of the physical and mental sorrows of the slaves in their country. I only ask of them to be honest to their own convictions of truth. If they be, what they profess to be, Christians—they must hate and abhor Slavery. As teachers of the people, they are bound to tell the whole truth, and not, out of deference to a corrupt public sentiment, either palliate the existence of Slavery, and the hateful prejudice against color arising out of the foul system, or be silent in their preachings with regard to these enormities. The question of Slavery in America, is one which cannot be honestly thrown aside—it is one which now agitates the whole framework of society in that land. It gives me sincere pleasure to be able to state, that very many Unitarians in America, both among the clergy and the laity, are among the most active and zealous Abolitionists there. I believe the truth warrants me in saying, that, as a religious body, they stand foremost in the advocacy of the rights of the colored man. This is as it should be. I am proud of it. The Unitarian whose heart does not beat warmly, whose voice is not uttered freely in favor of liberty—civil and religious liberty—is but a mere professor—he is a drag-chain on the march of human improvement; and the higher his intellectual endowments, the greater his natural gifts, and the more powerful his utterance, of "words that glow and thoughts that burn," the greater will be the mischief he does on earth, and the less we ought to desire him among us as an advocate of our opinions. But we can boast of having among us some of the first minds in America; men who are an honor to our race, and bright ornaments of the pure and simple religious profession we make before the world—to the religion taught by the Prince of Peace—to the religion which condemns slavery, war, intemperance—and which cannot flourish until these sins are banished from the earth.

I conclude by saying, that my object in drawing the attention of your readers to the address of Dr. Dewey on behalf of seamen, is not from any wish to deprecate his labors on their behalf. I honor him for the performance of every benevolent work which proceeds from the spirit of truth in his heart; but there are no claims on his exertions paramount to the claims of his enslaved brethren, and I believe in my soul he is liable to the charge of indifference, or carelessness, with respect to their wrongs and their sorrows. I want that all our voices should go across the Atlantic, ever urging our brethren to a right course of action on this deeply important question. I desire not that we should interfere otherwise than morally and religiously, with the institutions of another country, but we are bound as men, we are bound as rational and accountable, and immortal beings, to assist in overthrowing the "great iniquity" which so paralyzes the Christian feelings of even Unitarian teachers of the religion of Love, as to make many of them shrink from an avowal of the whole truth of God.

I feel deeply on this question of Slavery. I am most anxious to enlist the hearty co-operation of all men against it. This is my excuse for the present long communication, which has been written in no spirit of unkindness to any man, but from a desire to do good to the best of my ability. I believe Slavery to be the "sum of all villanies," and I cannot speak of it in mild and honeyed accents.

Yours, my dear Sir, faithfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

From the Cork Examiner.

ANTI SLAVERY MEETING AT THE INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.

Monday night the Independent Chapel was crowded by a most respectable audience. The platform was occupied by men of influence of our city.

The Mayor, being called to the chair, began by saying that it was unnecessary to tell the people of Cork *what* Mr. Douglass had done—they are already fully aware of it. The citizens of Cork were always ready in everything of this kind. In this instance they had to deal with a question not so much their own—but as good Christians ought—they have made the work of every part of the world their own. Now, there are one or two matters of duty to proceed with before Mr. Douglass addresses you. We have a duty of thanks to perform. I will begin with the press. We know it is a mighty engine; and when we find it engaged on the side of humanity, we are glad to give it our full testimony of thanks—their giving us a *corner* at all might well be considered a compliment, instead of this they have given us *columns*. The Anti-Slavery Societies of Cork are deeply indebted to the *Examiner* and *Reporter* papers in giving publicity to the Anti-Slavery efforts.

The resolutions were here proposed and carried, which will be found in our advertising columns.

Mr. Ralph Varian stated that he had been requested to read to the meeting, and present to Mr. Douglass, the following address, which was adopted unanimously, at a meeting of the Ladies' and Gentleman's Anti-Slavery Societies of Cork, held on Monday morning, the 3d instant, at the Committee-Room of the Royal Cork Institution. The Mayor in the chair, read

ADDRESS TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS, FROM THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY OF CORK.

DEAR SIR:—Allow us to express our sense of the advantages that the cause by which we are bound together as societies has derived from your labors in Cork, during your short visit here; and to request you to transmit to the Abolitionists of America, our estimation of their services to the holy cause in which we are engaged.

By your labors here we have been stirred up to renewed and active life for the deliverance of the captive. We feel that if not associated with him by the ties of a common government, we are bound to his relief by the higher and holier claim, the revealed and universal truth of a common humanity and a common origin. Seeds of truth—which can never be eradicated—have been disseminated by you, in numerous public assemblies here; and sent far and wide through the instrumentality of a liberal public press. By your addresses the mass of the people have had an opportunity—which they eagerly embraced—of gaining knowledge. Their best sympathies have been aroused in behalf of those suffering under an evil of greater magnitude than the most abject poverty. They have been benefited by being made aware how they too might do something to hasten the emancipation of the American slave from his debasing bondage—simply by forming a portion of the public sentiment of the world—which must finally awaken the American Government and people to a sense of the degraded position in which their support of a hideous slave system, places them amongst the civilized nations of the earth.

The Anti-Slavery press of the United States, and our letters from the Abolitionists of America, led us to anticipate many good results from your visit to our city—but our anticipations have been more than realized. In the happy hours of social intercourse which we have enjoyed in your society, a further opportunity has been afforded us of becoming acquainted with the details of that abominable system of savage law, and degraded public sentiment, by which three millions of human beings are held in bodily and mental bondage, yoked to the car of American Freedom! Never were we so impressed with the horrors of the system, as while listening to one, who was himself born subject to the lash and fetter—who in his own person endured [illegible] and spiritual power, together with so much refinement of mind and manners.

Allow us to say that in estimating the pleasures and advantages which your visit has conferred upon us—we value highly those derivable from your excellent Anti-Slavery work—the unpretending memoir of your escape from chattled bondage to the liberty and light of a moral and intellectual being. While perusing it, we have been charmed to the end by the power of simple truth, and warm and genuine feeling.

We beg of you to transmit to the Abolitionists of America expressions of our regard and admiration. Even previous to your visit we deeply felt their services to humanity. To their cry for "*immediate, unconditional emancipation, the right of the slave, and the duty of the master!*" raised by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, so as to startle an unwilling people from their criminal apathy—we have responded. In the establishment of that seminary of Freedom—"*The Oberlin Institute*," we felt deeply interested. While the persecutions to which the Abolitionists were subjected—calumnies—injuries of property and person—arouse our indignation. And the death of the martyred LOVEJOY, stirred the deepest feelings of our souls.

Especially would we be affectionately remembered to that intrepid female band, who—scorning all petty feeling, and false sentiment at the call of duty, rallied to the heavenly work of delivering the captive, directing him to those possessions which are rightfully his—knowledge, liberty, and power.

The mode in which the Abolitionists of America conduct their Great Annual Bazaars, calls for expressions of our thorough approbation. The exertions necessary to send our mite in appropriate articles to the Boston Fair—we have felt as a relief to our feelings, a pleasure to our hearts. We could wish that this sentiment was more generally participated in here, that the claims of our neighbors, the colored population of America, who have fallen among thieves—were better understood, so that all might regard their prostrate condition, and afford them aid. In the funds raised at these Bazaars we recognize a means of sustaining a noble missionary labor,—that of opening the prison doors, and letting the oppressed go free; that of pouring light upon the mental sight, so that he who stole should steal no more, but make restitution to the captive of his plundered property in his limbs, head, and heart, in his children, and his home. When the preachers of glad tidings to the oppressed; and of warning and stern rebuke to oppressors and abetters; when the educators of a people are reared in the land where they teach, and among the people they volunteer to elevate; there is, in this, assuredly, a great facility to the work of redemption. Such teachers and laborers are the Abolitionists of America: as such we would willingly sustain, support, and cheer them on to live and die for the happy consummation of the glorious work they have in hands.

We have not forgotten the visit to our shores of Charles Lenox Remond. His labors here were fruitful. He is still affectionately remembered.

In conclusion, we beg of you to present our respectful and kind remembrances to your friend and fellow-traveller, J. N. Buffum, Esq. whose property, and powers of mind and body have been long devoted to the aid of those laboring for the slaves' emancipation in his native country. And let us hope that the intercourse which your visit, and that of Mr. Buffum has established between us—may not be severed by land or sea, but may continue, based on the foundation of united labors for oppressed, down-trodden, and bleeding humanity.

We are, dear Sir, your friends and fellow-laborers.

Signed on behalf of the Anti-Slavery Societies of Cork,

RICHARD DOWDEN, (RD.) Esq. Mayor, Chairman.
MARY MANNIX, ISABEL JENNINGS, } Secretaries.
RALPH VARIAN, Secretary, pro. tem.

The votes of thanks and the reading of the address were loudly applauded by the meeting.

Mr. Douglass arose and was received with enthusiastic cheering. When it subsided, he said—The sentiments of gratitude expressed by the meeting are in perfect unison with my own. Never was I held under greater obligations to the press, and to the proprietors of public buildings, than I have been since in Cork, and I express my sincere gratitude for it in behalf of the bondsmen. Particularly am I indebted to the press for their freedom in copying the few feeble words I have been able to say in this city, that they may return to my land, and sound terribly in the ears of the oppressors of my countrymen. Mr. President, the address which has been read, I certainly was not expecting. I expected to go through the length and breadth of your country preaching to those who are ready to hear the groans of the oppressed. I did not expect the high position that I enjoy during my stay in the city of Cork, and not only there, but in Dublin. The object which we have met to consider is the Annexation of Texas to the United States. You have perhaps heard that in America when an individual has absented himself unaccountably for any time, such a person is said to have gone to Texas, few knowing where it is. Texas is that part of Mexico, bounded on the north by the United States, on the south side by the Gulf of Mexico. The extent of this country is not correctly known. It is as large as France—a most prolific soil—climate most salubrious. The facilities for commercial and agricultural proceedings are unsurpassed anywhere. A Mr. Austin obtained a grant of the Royal Government, to settle three hundred families in Texas, with an understanding that such families should obey the laws then existing, and also, that they should be members of the Roman Catholic religion. He succeeded in introducing thirty families. His son took up the business, and introduced three hundred families. Before he succeeded, the revolution in Mexico severed the Mexican provinces from the crown, and the contract was rendered void. He made application to the new Government, and obtained a similar contract. Other men in the West made similar applications to the Mexican Government. Among the rest were Irishmen, and they were among the few who fulfilled their contracts.

The consequence of making the Catholic religion a necessary qualification to settle in Texas afforded opportunity for hypocrisy. A number of persons of Catholic persuasion entered the territory and made complaints. They succeeded in fomenting a revolt against the Mexican Government. Soon after the Texans managed to lodge complaints of oppression against it. Under these pretences they declared for religious freedom, applied to the United States for sympathy, for religious liberty. After getting the property under conditions of submission, they turn round for sympathy in a revolt in behalf of religious toleration. Mexico came forward nobly and abolished Slavery in Texas. In open violation of this, slaves were introduced. Mexico, outraged at this violation of her laws, attempted to compel obedience—this resulted in the revolution. Texas applied to the United States for assistance. Here came the deed that ought to bring down on the United States the *united* execration of the world. She pretended to be in friendly relation with Mexico. Her Congress looked with indifference on the raising of troops to aid the slaveholding Texans in wresting from the Mexicans, Texas. Indeed they encouraged it. Texans succeeded in holding at bay, the Mexican Government. The United States with an indecent haste recognized the independence of Texas. This was the preparatory step to the consummation of the Annexation to the Union. The object was that of making Texas the market for the surplus slaves of the North American States.

The Middle States of the United States are slave-raising States. In 1837 you might meet in Virginia, hundreds of slaves handcuffed and chained together, driving southward to be sold. The Southern States were formerly these where the slaves brought the highest price, but at present they are fully supplied with slaves; and there is a consequent reduction in the price of human flesh and bones. In 1836 slaves brought from $1,000 to $1,500; but a year ago the price was reduced to $600. The slaveholders saw the necessity of opening a new country where there would be a demand for slaves. Americans should be considered a band of plunderers for the worst purposes. T. Cuba, (?) is the leader of the [illegible] Dedicate this address, with high moral, intellectual, and spiritual power, together with so much refinement of mind and manners. he heard the British lion growl at this, he allowed that he considered it an open question. It was well he did, for the Americans ought to dread a war.—Should they go to war with three millions of slaves in their bosom, only looking for the first favorable opportunity of lifting their arms in open rebellion?—American statesmen are aware of this. The reasons they give for the annexation of Texas not only prove them to be rotten at heart, but a band of dastards. They say that Mexico is not able to go to war, therefore we can take their country. I dare the Americans to reach their arms to Canada. The conduct of America in this particular has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by the British press. England should not have stood by and seen a feeble people robbed without raising a note of remonstrance.

I have done with the question of Texas [illegible] proceed to the general question. I will read you the laws of a part of the American States regarding the relation of master and slave, the laws which created the row in the steamship Cambria, not because they are the worst I could select, but because I desire to have them remain upon your memory.—If more than seven slaves are found together without a white person, twenty lashes a piece; for letting loose a boat from where 'tis moored, thirty-nine lashes, for the first, and for the second offence the loss of an ear. For having an article for sale without a ticket from his master, ten lashes. For travelling in the night without a pass, forty lashes. Found in another person's quarters, forty lashes. For being on horseback without a written permission, three lashes; or riding without leave a slave may be whipped, cropped, or branded with the letter A, in the cheek. The laws may be found in Heywood's manual, and several other works. These laws will be the laws of Texas. How sound these laws, Irishmen, and Irish women, in your ears? These laws, as you are aware, are not the worst, for one law in North Carolina makes it a crime punishable with death for the second offence, to teach a slave to read. My friends, I would wish to allude to another matter in relation to the religious denominations of Cork. My friends, all I have said respecting their brethren in America has been prompted by a regard for the bondman. I know what Slavery is by experience. I know what my experience has been at the hands of religionists. The Baptist, or Presbyterian that would desire me not to tell the truth, is a man who loves his sect more than he loves his God. (Cheers). To you who have a missionary spirit, I say there is no better field than America. The slave is on his knees asking for light; slaves who not only want the Bible, but some one to teach them to read its contents. (Hear, hear.) Their cries come across the Atlantic this evening appealing to you! lift up your voices against this giant sin. (Loud cheers.) Mr. President, I am glad to learn that the simple reading of my narrative by a minister in your town, was the cause of his preaching last Sabbath an able Anti-Slavery discourse. (Hear, hear.) My friends, labor on in this good work, for hearts on the other side of the Atlantic have long been cheered by your efforts. When England with one effort wiped from her West Indies the stain of Slavery, turning eight hundred thousand *things* into eight hundred thousand beings, from that time the bondmen in our country looked with more ardent hope to the day when their chains would be broken, and they be permitted to enjoy that liberty in a Republic, which was now enjoy

despotic rulers." (Applause.) I do believe that America has the elements for becoming a great and glorious nation. Those three millions of foes might be converted into three millions of friends—but I am not going to say anything in her favor—I am an outlaw there—and 'tis time to bid you farewell! Mr. Douglass sat down amidst the most enthusiastic applause, which was again and again repeated.

THE PARKERSBURG PRISONERS,

Have had their trial, and a special verdict has been rendered in their case; the amount of which is, that the case is referred, with the consent of the prisoners, to the next General Court, which meets at Richmond, next Monday. If this court decide that the prisoners were within the jurisdiction of Virginia when the alleged offence was committed, the prisoners are found guilty, and condemned to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary, the shortest term of punishment which the law allows in such a case. If the court decide, on the other hand, that they did the act within the jurisdiction of Ohio, and not of Virginia, the verdict is to be *not guilty*.

The case came on last week, on Monday, at Parkersburg, before the Circuit Court sitting in that place. There are twenty-one Circuit Judges in the State, presiding over that number of Circuit Courts. The General Court at Richmond, to which the case is referred, is composed of these 21 Circuit Judges, ten of whom are sufficient to constitute the Court. The case was argued by Gen. J. J. Jackson for the Commonwealth, and by Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, and Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, for the State of Ohio, on the question of the boundary between the two States, and by Messers. Stringer and Spencer for the prisoners.

The indictment contained three counts, founded on three several laws of Virginia; one making it felony to entice a slave from the possession or service of his master; another, to convey him out of the State with the intent to defraud the owner of his property; and another, to countenance, protect, or assist slaves to abscond.

The special verdict found in their case was summarily; 1. That the defendants were citizens of the State of Ohio; 2. That they aided the escape of the slaves, going to the water's edge for that purpose; 3. That when this was done there was 39 inches of water on the bar at that place, which is 22 inches more than the very lowest stage of water, and 33 inches less than when the river is in a good boating condition; and 4. That the act admitting the State of Ohio into the Union defines its southern boundary to be, "by the Ohio river to the mouth of the great Miami river."

The fate of the prisoners, therefore, turns on the simple question of State lines; whether in coming to the wafer's edge in that low stage of water, they were really in Ohio or Virginia. One would think a grain of common sense would be sufficient to decide it; though tons of legal learning may bother upon it. It being a boundary question it can be carried to the United States Court for ultimate decision.

From the Free Labor Advocate.

THE LONDON COMMITTEE.

LEE COUNTY, Iowa, 11th mo. 30th; 1845.

Dear Friend, B. Stanton:

The London Committee are with us; and we have given them every opportunity with us, that they have asked for; have showed them all the attention and kindness that we are capable of; have met them collectively at our meeting house, and listened to what they had for us; and have given them the privilege of visiting us in our families, and listened to them there; and we have plainly let them know, that we think they have not commenced the work right, and that it is impossible to effect a reconciliation and reunion between us and our oppossers without first removing the cause of the difficulty. We do not think they will be able to make one convert amongst us, and do not consider them any way dangerous. They are very loving and tender with us, and we think them to be feeling and honest Friends, though it is evident they are willing to sacrifice nearly every thing else, for what they term the unity of the "body;" and the effects of bad company are discoverable with them. They have imbibed the sentiment that it is not best for Friends in this country to mingle a great deal with others in the Anti-Slavery cause, &c. They were with us in our family to-day, and gave their views at some length; and I used much freedom in giving them my views; at which they expressed satisfaction. It is very much to be lamented that they have not stood faithful, and opposed the time-serving spirit, that Friends of this country have fallen into.

We think that it will be best for Anti-Slavery Friends, wherever they may go, to receive them them that we are not afraid of them, and may be productive of good.

The following is a copy of what we wrote and delivered to them.

SALEM, Iowa. 10th mo. 28, 1845.

Esteemed Friends, William Forster, Josiah Forster, George Stacy and John Alen:

Upon duly considering the advice contained in the address to us from London Yearly Meeting, to discontinue our meetings for worship, and attend the meetings for worship of those with whom we were formerly associated in religious fellowship, we believe it right to inform you through this medium, that we cannot accede to the proposition, for the following reasons:

First because, we consider our present position more from necessity than choice, having no alternative left us, if we would enjoy the benefits of religious society. Second, because we believe it would be a virtual surrender of our Anti-Slavery principles. Third, because by so doing we would not be securing to ourselves the benefits of religious society, nor the fellowship and unity so desirable, unless we are acknowledged by those you advise us to return to, as Friends in unity, with full privilege to continue our active exertions, in the Anti-Slavery cause, as truth may dictate, being accountable to the society for violations of the discipline only: but on the other hand we should lose the benefits of religious society, and the fellowship and unity which stand not in word only, but in the life and power of the truth, which fellowship we believe we have often been favored to feel, since our separate organization.—Fourth, because by so doing, our influence in a society capacity will be lost, and thus, instead of advancing the cause of truth and righteousness on the earth, we would become a hindrance. And fifth, because we are in unity with Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends, and believe the advice should claim the attention of our Meeting for Sufferings.

And in conclusion, we would further state, that we can but view the course of London Yearly Meeting, and your course, as its committee, as very extraordinary. That without entering into an impartial examination of the causes that led to the difficulty that exists between us, and those we were formerly associated with in religious fellowship, you enter into judgment, and require us to return, without an effort to remove the causes of the difficulty that separates us: which removal would open the way for us to return on principles that would have a tendency to restore the unity that is so desirable, but which cannot be restored without the removal of those causes.

In love, we remain your friends.

Signed on behalf of the members of Salem Monthly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends.

Aaron Street, Jr.; Thomas Frazier; Henderson Lewelling; Marmaduke Jay; William Lewelling; Gideon Frazier; Elizabeth Lewelling; Anna Johnson; Hannah Blackledge; Cyrena Lewelling.

In much haste, I remain thy friend,
AARON STREET, JR.

Communications.

Letter from J. C. Fuller.

SKANEATELES, ONONDAGA Co. N. Y.
12th month, 4th, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND, JOSEPH STURGE:—Although the broad Atlantic rolls between us, I look on thee as a citizen of this, as well as other hemispheres, wherever humanity dwells. With this idea, I have concluded that some account of a late Southern journey I took, might, in some of its incidents, interest thee, as did a trip of mine to Kentucky, of which I gave thee some particulars in the year 1841. For some years past, I have contemplated attending the Yearly Meeting of North Carolina; and as the time for holding that of Baltimore has been altered, so that any Friend, inclined so to do, can now conveniently attend both, I left my home for that purpose, and have attended both of those Yearly Meetings the present year. To the city of Baltimore, but little occurs to annoy the eye, or hurt the feelings of an Abolitionist, except here and there, in the State of Delaware, observing a human chattel employed in agriculture. In this State, according to the last census, (1840,) there were 2,605 slaves; these are chiefly in the counties of Kent and Sussex. The soil of those counties, I understand, slavery has exhausted, and slave-culture is doing its part to make it still poorer. In this small State, constituted of but three counties, I fell in company with a prince of a man, whose happy lot it has been to afford assistance to not less than eleven hundred fugitives from the great Southern prison-house of Slavery, in their flight to freedom's soil, for the inalienable rights of man—liberty, and self-ownership. Baltimore was my resting-place for ten days. In the city are more than three thousand slaves. In 1830 there were there more than four thousand. Thou mayest ask, where are they, and their increase, gone to? And echo answers, where! Slavery, in nine counties of Maryland, exhibits its withering effect in decrease of the white population, which, in 1790, was 73,352. In 1840, it was but 54,408, a diminution, losing sight of natural increase, of nearly 20,000. These nine counties include the chief slaveholding sections of the State. In five of them, taken together, the slaves exceed the white population. Taking four counties, and Baltimore city out of the account, the aggregate white population of the rest of the State has diminished since 1790. Well may John L. Carey, of Baltimore city, publish that "Slavery in Maryland is no longer compatible with progress. It is a dead weight, and worse; it has become a wasting disease, weakening the vital powers—a leprous distilment into the life-blood of the commonwealth." And yet while John L. and the Abolitionists are agreed as to the disease—"a leprous distilment," and we point them to the river of freedom, in which they may wash and be clean, he says we are lashing ourselves into an insane fury about "a thing which does not concern us, which we do not understand, which we cannot touch without wounding them—for it is a domestic affair, and relates to their hearths and household relations." If a Southern rat and vermin-killer were to come in this neighborhood with a panacea that would drive out, and keep out of our dwellings and barns all vermin, we should hail him as a messenger of good. But when the lovers of their species witness leprosy, distilled as a wasting disease, weakening the vital powers, and they prescribe a sure, safe, and certain remedy, then Carey and his compeers cry out, "We will have no quacks to prescribe for our malady."

What is the malady and its effects? Carey has correctly defined the former, and I will endeavor to show thee some of the effects of the latter. I am about to make an extract from an advertisement, and copy another; by which thou wilt perceive how blunted and stunted must the moral feelings of the inhabitants of a city be, whose church members, and high professors of philanthropy and Christian benevolence, can patronize a daily press which issues, for its profit and general information, such as follows: Ishmael Day advertises that he "wants a good slave woman, who can do all kinds of housework, of *honest and industrious habits*, one who has ceased to multiply and replenish the earth; for which a fair cash price will be given." Again: "Trustees' sale of valuable slaves. We will sell, on *Saturday morning next*, 18th instant, at 11 o'clock, at our store, No. 29 Hanover street, one valuable negro woman, with her three children, viz: boy five years old; girl eight years old; boy nine years. The woman is a first-rate cook, washer and ironer—all slaves for life. Terms cash: sale positive. By order of the Trustees. Thompson & Gover, Auctioneers." This sale I attended, in one of the most public thoroughfares of a city containing more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. What must the demoralizing effects of such exhibitions be on the rising generation, several of whom were witnesses of this day's transaction? Perhaps it may not be amiss to enter into details of the affair which took place, as Daniel Webster would say, scene enough revolting to make that luminary withhold its light, while men who are to be judged for the deeds done in the body, were engaged in selling God's image, and others in bidding for, and buying, those for whom Christ died, rose again, and ascended into Heaven, that these children of oppression and sorrow might inherit eternal mansions in glory, with Him who came to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free. About the time appointed, the woman, with her youngest son, and little daughter, were brought into the auction-room. After a few minutes spent in surveying them, she was desired to go up stairs, which she did, accompanied by the children, the daughter having a piece of bread and butter, of which she had partly partaken. After a time spent, (as it was said,) by Gover, the auctioneer, endeavoring to prevent the family being separated, those who were desirous of purchasing the slaves, were invited to walk up and examine them. This invitation I understood to be put as a barrier to my ascending the stairs. After pondering over it a few minutes, I concluded that by such a measure, the object for which I went to these human shambles should not be defeated. I therefore left my seat and went up to view, and never shall I forget, the scene. A woman, the mother of eleven children, subjected to be "mouthed" as horses are in trading for them, when their age is to be ascertained. Then to be queried: of "Old lady, would you like to go to New Orleans?" Again, "would you like to go South?" "Have you any grey hairs?" "What's your age, are you grey?" "I am 41 years old." "How many children have you living?" "Seven." "Where are the rest of them?" "In Virginia." "Where is their father?" "In Virginia." "A slave?" "Yes." "Have you a husband in this city?" "Yes." "Is he a slave?" "No, a freeman." "Uncover your head." Then an examination took place as to how grey she was. Then came the tidings, "you are too old for the South, and there are buyers here that can afford to give more for you than I can." Then another examines her head for grey hair, and after doing so, throws up her shawl to get more view of her person. All this while, judge of the sister's emotions. The upheavings of her afflicted bosom clearly developed themselves in the different forms and contortion of her countenance. The girl sat on the corner of a chair, with one foot on the floor, the other leg bent up, still holding further uneaten, the piece of bread and butter, with her arm extended partly crooked. In this position she sat motionless as statuary: her arm being in that position for full half an hour, and how much longer I cannot say. If I ever saw the bread of bitterness at one time more than another, surely it was literally, and truly, on that occasion. Dear child, and she was a fine looking countenanced girl, her heart seemed as though it would burst. I watched her countenance closely, particularly her fine eyes, and noticed that a tear rolled in one of them, like a globule of quicksilver. Kind nature, true to her laws, came to her relief, and copious were the tears she shed, occasioned by "man's inhumanity to man, which makes countless millions mourn." Her arm she still kept in the position before mentioned. After all this, and more than I can describe, the auction commenced below stairs, it being announced *the eldest of the three children could not be found*, and the mother said she had not seen him for months, and did not know where he was. The auctioneer asked if he should put up the woman and two children, together, or separately. *Several said they ought not to be parted*, and they were put up together at $300. No one directly offering more, Gover said, let us try them separately, whereupon some one immediately said $400, and from that to $585, by ten and five dollar bids. The auction progressed. At the close, the auctioneer announced that the elder boy would be sold on Monday, or some other time. While I remained in the city, I could not find an advertisement concerning him, so that he may yet be unsold, because he cannot be found.

It may not be amiss to revert to the blunting and stunting effects produced by this man-trade. An attendant of this sale informed me that he saw Gover's first sale of a "nigger," and that on that occasion he found it difficult to proceed with selling, on account of the tears which rolled down his cheeks. That must be a hellish occupation which annihilates man's humanity and love of his species; in short, makes a demon of a man. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is a test created by the lip of truth. Truth, moral, simple truth, will sustain a man when all else may fail. Had Charles T. Torrey told the truth, and stuck to it; had he avowed himself, when arraigned, a Northern Abolitionist, and that he had done what he was charged with, I was told, by one learned in the law, he might have told the court, and told truly, that he had violated no law of the State of Maryland, and the court could not have inflicted any punishment, for where there is no law, there is no transgression.

Again, had John A. Innes told all the truth, and none other, he had not been incarcerated in Baltimore jail, whereto I went taking with me eminent counsel to aid him in his trouble. While we were conversing with him, the counsel who he had employed, brought an order from the committing magistrate for his discharge. Had nothing but the truth been told by Innes, a fine opportunity would have presented itself to have prosecuted all the parties concerned for false imprisonment. I suppose this cannot now be attempted, inasmuch as Innes thought it prudent to tell two, if not three versions of the matter, and attesting his statements by signing a document that the colored man accompanying him was his slave, thus netting himself and the man into prison. On my return from North Carolina, I ascertained at Washington, that the colored man had been liberated, was then at Alexandria, and that if twenty-two or twenty-three dollars were sent on to pay past and prospective expenses, "free papers" would be obtained for him, so that he would, without further molestation, be enabled to proceed to his mother living in Salem, Massachusetts. During my sojourn at Baltimore, I made several attempts to see Charles T. Torrey, but in vain. Although some others were offered an opportunity to converse with him, his counsel, Asa Child, although I had a letter of introduction to him, asking the favor, from a mutual friend, denied me that privilege. Hope Hull Slater, I was introduced to by the slaves' friend, and the friend of humanity—John Needles. When John told him the object of our calling he was not at first very courteous, because, as he said, he did not wish to show his premises to persons who would go away and blackguard him, and send him unpaid scurrilous letters. All that, I could easily promise him would not be my manner of treating him. On entering his counting-office, the first view of the portraits of ten of the Presidents of the United States shocked me, but as I further contemplated the subject, concluded that it was in good keeping he should exhibit so many countenances of men in high places who had been slaveholders, or fostered and encouraged the "domestic institution." There were but few carcases in Slater's shambles, he having very lately, in broad day, on horseback, preceded six heavily laden omnibuses, each full of slaves, from his jail near the centre of the city, to the "Point," where they were shipped for a more southern market. I was informed such an ostentatious display in broad daylight, would not have been thought of some years since, and therefore conclude the moral sense of the people is more blunted. I should not be disposed to find fault with such an exhibition on account of the time chosen to make it; far otherwise. If it be an honorable business why not transact it in meridian sunshine? If it be base, that time of day, above all others, is the most suitable, so that the greater number can witness it. Slater's prison was clean, and so did the persons of its inmates appear to be. I must do him the justice to say that he unequivocally asserted that "in principle Slavery was wrong." His business, he said, was to transfer slaves from hard masters, to kinder ones. That slaves were better fed, better clothed, and not so hard worked at the South as at the North. Half an hour or more, afforded considerable interchange of opinion, and to allow me to inform him I was a full-blooded Abolitionist, and that I should be grieved to hear others bear the testimony to his character, and moral standing, which he bore of himself; telling him, it would better suit me other such should be found exercising his vocation, and the more worth he possessed, the more did he sanctify the man-trade. At parting I presented him, and his keeper, with some excellent tracts, "The influence of man upon man, in answer to the question, Who is my Neighbor?" compiled by our late friend, Isaac Crewdson; which he promised to read. I love to leave such men as Slater unruffled in temper, and in a disposition to chew the cud. The more we talked with him, the more developments of true character appeared. Nature never designed him to be a tyrant. I presume, when he sells a man, woman, or a cargo of them, his parting word with his customers, I suppose is, "I wish you luck," and with this apparent hearty expression of his, I parted with him. I acknowledge it struck me with much force, and made me quail more under my responsibilities, than ever rotten eggs, mud, or missiles, have discouraged me in abolition effort.

There is, as thou knowest, a loving, and a lovely little circle of Orthodox Quakers in the Monumental city, and there is also a large, as well as a smaller meeting of those called Hicksites. Could the influence of all these be brought to bear in one uninterrupted continuance against Slavery, and the Slave-Trade, what tongue can tell, what imagination conceive less than that of the utter extinction of both; being aided by the good and philanthropic of all other denominations. The Yearly Meeting, so far as regards transacting the affairs of the Society, was owned by divine favor, and its doings, I believe, will tend to prospective benefit to its subordinate meetings and members. Nothing occurred to elicit much of feeling, or remark, in favor of the "African race," alias colored Americans, with the exception of the information that the Legislature of Virginia had at its last session, passed a law in favor of free men of color, a thing unheard of before; and since the misguided zeal of the modern Abolitionists had subsided, a First-day school, for colored children, had been tolerated in the city of Richmond. It was remarked that modern abolition was eighteen hundred years old, having commenced when the Angelic host in anthem joined, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." The wise men of Virginia no doubt believe themselves in advance of more Southern States, being most of them in ignorance that the Episcopalians of South Carolina, if not of Charleston, are, in their way, instructing on First-day, sixteen hundred colored children. Colorphobia rages, displaying itself in multifarious forms. In one city, I found the people of color were kept distinct from the whites on the tax-list. Near Baltimore I saw a large family burial ground with several sepulchral monuments. This grave-yard was surrounded with a high brick wall, outside of which, in a long row, lay the "niggers," whose spirits, perhaps, may have been seen reposing in Abraham's bosom by their oppressors, and who may have implored that they should be sent on a mission of mercy to their old households.

From Baltimore, about twelve o'clock at night, I started for the South, reaching the steamer on the Potomac about three o'clock, A. M. When I was last this way I had to take the stage and ride over the road so humorously described by Dickens, in his Notes; but now the railroad commences as soon we leave the steamer.—There were fifteen of us bound for North Carolina Yearly Meeting. We arrived at New Gardeo, from Baltimore, in sixty-five hours, travelling day and night; ninety-two miles by stage, distance four hundred and twenty-five miles, expenses twenty-five dollars. Railroads and cars, such as might be expected in a country where labor is dishonorable. The noise prevents social conversation on a large portion of the railroad. The motion both in Virginia and North Carolina, is slow enough to give an observer a tolerable correct opinion of the worth of the soil, and to perceive the sluggish application of unpaid manual labor on an exhausted soil, as well as every now and then to see the clothing of the slaves hang as ribbons, so tattered are their garments. I had made up my mind to behold in North Carolina a soil much deteriorated. Low as my expectations were, they were not one half low enough. Heretofore, in travelling, green spots, however barren the surrounding country might be, would occasionally appear; but that State is comparatively a desert, without an oasis to cheer the desponding traveller. True, I did hear a Friend describing some beautiful bottom land, near his dwelling, which induced me to ask what it would sell for. He replied, twenty dollars an acre. I then asked him what such would realize were it for sale in York State, or Pennsylvania. He answered, one hundred dollars. The capital of this State is not as thrifty a place as Skaneateles, although it has the advantage of the railroad terminus, and a most splendid capitol, or State-house; for the building of which, I was informed, appropriations had been made by the Legislature, to the amount of five hundred and thirty thousand dollars!! Viewing the exterior, and interior, of this building, and the profuse outlay of money, I could not but regret that far the larger portion of the money had not been expended in the promotion of common schools, as by the census of 1840, it appears that *one out of seven of the white inhabitants of this State who are over twenty years of age, cannot either read or write.* There is but one such to every five hundred and sixty-eight persons in Connecticut, and but one to four hundred and seventy-three in Vermont. It is almost beyond belief, yet none the less true, that education in North Carolina is a political party question, and that the so-called Democrats, about four years since, when it was proposed to school-district the State, wherever they had majorities, very generally rejected the measure. My informant told me that in one county, where there were one hundred votes cast for Harrison, and seventeen hundred against his election for President, that it was there rejected, and he believed continued to be so. He further added, that "in North Carolina, labor was derogatory to a white man, because it brought him on a level with the negro." Thou mayst judge of the thrift of the capital of this State, when I tell thee that an extra stage could not be procured. Four of our company were detained from eleven o'clock, until six next morning, before they could proceed in a hack for New Garden. On our way, occasionally we saw cotton still in the field, which to most, if not all of us in the stage, was a novel sight. Corn was also unharvested in many places. No doubt both these, as well as the nasty tobacco-weed, suffered from the long continued drought the past season. In some places boys would have to stoop, to rather the corn, as well as the cotton, for considerable of it was not more than twenty inches from the ground.

The Yearly Meeting in this State, I suppose, numbers about ten thousand members, six hundred of whom reside in the State of Tennessee. The average attendance of the various sittings, on the men's side of the house, was full three hundred, and perhaps as many women.—I went to this meeting with low prospects every way. With the exception of Ohio, and New England, and Van Dieman's land, I have attended all the Yearly Meetings of Friends (Orthodox) in the world; and with none, to more, if as much heartfelt satisfaction as this remote one, surrounded by Slavery on every hand. There are here, in my apprehension, a noble company, testimony-bearers against the whole system of Slavery—root and branch. Instead of finding, as I supposed that I should, and what I have met with elsewhere, because I was an Abolitionist, contemptuous treatment, and an utter want of the common sociabilities, to say nothing of the hospitalities so universal among members of our Society—for such I had prepared myself to endure—but instead of it, *more brotherly kindness and openness I never experienced, nor did I ever mingle with spirits more congenial to mine as an Abolitionist than I met with at New Garden.*

Thou wouldst have rejoiced to have heard our ancient friend, Nathan Hunt, now in the 88th year of his age, bear repeatedly, both in testimony as a minister of the Gospel, and in the meetings for business, his abhorrence of Slavery, as well as to have responded to his petitions to our common Father that he would break the oppressors' power, and let the captive go free. This dear old friend I like a green bay-tree flourishing by the water-side. testimony on abolition and temperance, to quicken, keep alive, and cheer on others in both those good causes, ea h of which lay near his big heart. I suppose it is fresh in thy recollection that, many years since, North Carolina Yearly Meeting required of its members, who were slaveholders, that they must either manumit their slaves, or forfeit their membership. To make sure work of it, the meeting named certain of its members who should hold, as trustees, on behalf of the Yearly Meeting, the manumitted persons. It is to be regretted that the meeting in any manner recognized the *power* to hold their fellow-men; doubtless it would not, had the laws of the State permitted a slave to become a freeman.

Some years since, the heirs at law of many who had thus emancipated the slaves, ceasing to be members of the Society, commenced suits at law against the Yearly Meeting's trustees, for the reducing again to bondage. these emancipated ones; for they were at liberty to go, and do, just as they pleased, and enjoy the fruits of their labor—were *in fact free.* It seemed, after various suits had been tried, and judgment given in favor of freedom. by the most favorable construction the Judges could put on the law, that further suits were commenced, and commencing; as well as the appealing from former decisions, that Friends were induced to ask the assistance of Friends in England, as well as on this continent, to render them pecuniary assistance, to enable these children of sorrow to emigrate to "free Governments." At one time they and their increase amounted to about twelve hundred. I am happy to inform thee, they are reduced to twenty-three. Twelve men whose ages, I think, average sixty-one years. Ten females, averaging fifty-three years, and two children of two and four years old. These will not emigrate. Of course Friends can only advise them to remove. Abundant funds are on hand, were the parties willing to emigrate, to send them wherever they might choose to go, and Friends would be glad, not only to get relieved from the care, but to know they were enjoying the blessings of freedom, and prospering elsewhere.—What the people themselves will not do, time not long hence will effect, and put them ont of the reach of any claimant, for the sod will cover them; and there is not much probability, looking at the average of their ages, that they will leave many successors for Slavery to strike its fangs into their hearts strings, and Friends will prevent it, by continuing their care towards such.

There is, in my apprehension, cause for rejoicing in the progress of public sentiment in this land, as regards the high-handed wickedness of American Slavery, and reason to hope that the day of its downfall is not very far distant. A Methodist brother, J. Sherwood, of Jamestown, North Carolina, has issued a prospectus for publishing a *politico-religious* weekly newspaper. One of the primary objects the editor has in view is, that the "American system of African Slavery, should be fairly and fully examined by calm, unprejudiced investigation," believing that "any system of unconditional servitude, an assumption of arbitrary power, not justified by fundamental principles, which teach 'That all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

It is to be hoped that friend Sherwood may be encouraged to commence, and so patronized, that his press may accomplish as good a work in North Carolina, as Cassius M. Clay's is effecting in Kentucky. There are more Abolitionists in the slave States than we of the North suppose. I was credibly informed that if I chose to lecture at Greensboro', on the subject, that the Governor of the State, who lives there, would protect me in the right so to do. It is said of him, that should a dissolution of the Union take place, and North Carolina go with the South, that he has said he would go with the North. He has much capital embarked in manufactures. Many in the South are looking to manufactories as a powerful auxiliary for the promotion of freedom, and the downfall of Slavery; and the manufacturers themselves hesitate not to state that such results will follow. The action of late taken by the Methodists, Baptists, and other Christian professors, cannot but tend to hasten the downfall of American Slavery. The document issued by New-York Yearly Meeting, the present year, on the subject of freely using, and trading in articles produced by the labor of slaves, with an invitation to its members to a careful examination of the subject, is an interesting essay; taking higher ground than any other Yearly Meeting of Friends has heretofore done in this country. All hail to this, and every other effort, to lay the monster of Slavery low. Would that every denomination of Christians could speak out simultaneously, and in thunder-tones against it. Then as surely would its defences be laid prostrate, as was Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn. Dear Joseph, let thy silvery and lovely tones be heard, and in chorus let me unite with my ram's horn, and let us live in hope and effort, that soon will be raised an Ebenezer, to the praise of Him who hath declared, "All souls are mine," and commanded His servant to "proclaim liberty throughout the land to every inhabitant thereof." How pleasant is the thought that thou, some days hence, may visit the Southern States to see the workings of the system of emancipation, where now crime, licentiousness, degradation, oppression, and cruelty reigns. With love, thy friend,

JAS. C. FULLER.

P. S. It would aid the cause of liberty much, and raise, in American Abolitionists' view, the Government of Great Britain, were it to make a strict investigation into the character of its Consuls in the Southern States, so far as regards their having any connection with Slavery, and dismiss those who *either by themselves*, or wives, hold, or sell, or are mixed up with the abominable thing, and I would that they should commence at Baltimore immediately. If so, inform the result.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1845.

☞ The following article, from the pen of a distinguished friend of the cause in Massachusetts, so exactly and so well expresses our own sentiments, that we have taken the liberty to place it in our editorial columns.—Q.

The Protest of the American Unitarian Ministers against Slavery.

There has recently been published to the world a strong, manly, and most Christian-spirited protest against the sin of Slavery, as it exists in these United States, and under the sanction alike of Church and State. This Protest has been signed by ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY UNITARIAN MINISTERS. They have nothing to gain by this movement, but *the consciousness of doing their duty, and the reproach of having done it.* They cannot make denominational capital by the Protest. Many of the signers are too good men to do it if they could. There is no sectarian feeling which has moved them; no desire to be the first in a new field.

We regard this paper as a remarkable sign of the times. More than two-thirds (we are told) of all the clergymen of the sect have deliberately sent forth to the world their solemn protest against this institution which holds in bondage three millions of our brothers. We take it, the clergy, as a body, are always the last to move in any moral enterprise. Every shoemaker in Massachusetts, we doubt not, will be heartily opposed to Slavery long before every Christian minister will oppose it. We know not why—but when the great interests of humanity are concerned, the clergy seldom do much!—Here is a beginning—made by the smallest sect in the land—which is without precedent, we think, in the history of the Christian churches!

Some of the Unitarian ministers have not signed this paper. We question no man's motives. Perhaps some refused their names because they hated Slavery more than the signers themselves! We do not insinuate that they are *pro*-slavery; perhaps they are the more *anti*-slavery, and could not bear that the foul thing should be associated with their names even in a protest against it! But it is remarkable that none of the Unitarian ministers of *Charleston, Baltimore, or New-York*, should have signed it; that none of the clergy of *Boston*, who have for years held the pulpits of the more wealthy societies there, have affixed a name to that paper! It is a quite remarkable phenomenon—a striking sign of the times! We have sought a solution for the mystery in algebra; but by our "calculus of probabilities," there are 4,739,563 eighteen hundred and ninety-nine ten thousandths chances against such a result, to one in its favor. We have not been able to put the factors into any equation that will give us the unknown quantity—and yet we have read the Principia! We have sought a solution by chemistry—but found no more satisfaction. Once the thought struck us that of late years the *air of large cities* was injurious to that form of Christianity which manifests itself in practical reforms; while the *air of little country parishes* is not so unfavorable to practical religion! Then we remembered that almost all great reforms had started in *cities*; so we concluded that the bad air of large towns only affected the *clergy* in this peculiar way; that it was a certain *moral bronchitis* which made them (physically) unable to speak against any notorious sin which was *notoriously popular.* But there were names from Cincinnati, and Philadelphia,—places of note, of numbers, of wealth. So that our theory swung in the air at both ends. At last we thought we had hit the white: it was the *sea-air, which, in all large commercial towns*, was so injurious to the development of Anti-Slavery among the Unitarian clergy! In this way we accounted for the silence of the ministers above referred to—and for the protest of the clergy in such inland cities as Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Then we remembered that seven clergymen of Boston had signed the paper. But they were *all young—and occupied, comparatively, insignificant places.* So we concluded that the sea-air, in large cities, deprives ministers of the power of speaking against Slavery, but that it requires some considerable time to produce its complete effect, and acts least powerfully in the least important places! This theory would account for the same phenomena in *New Bedford, Charleston*, and that portion of *Roxbury* nearest the sea.

But still—(how imperfect is carnal reason!) the ring of our solution would not enclose all of the facts. There had been in Boston such ministers as Pierpont and Channing—both in most highly important places; both residing there, in the infected district, for years—and not only untouched by this *moral bronchitis*, but most resolutely working for mankind all their lives! So we have concluded that it is a NEW *quality, which is superinduced upon the sea air in large towns, and produces this benumbing effect; that it was not active in Boston a few years ago; that now it only prevents men from speaking against* POPULAR LIES AND POPULAR SINS, *but leaves them free as any to speak against all lies and sins which nobody favors.* Is our conclusion scientific? Will it abide the test of time? These are questions which time only can answer. However, reason is fallible; we may yet be mistaken!

But to come back to the Protest against Slavery. We think this is a noble example for a Christian denomination to set to the world. While the other sects are contending against Science, one hundred and seventy Unitarian ministers are contented to fight against Sin! A novel spectacle, truly! It shows they see the evil, if not the sin; that they intend hereafter to lift up their voices against it;—for if they are silent, after this protest, they violate its spirit, and its letter too. Negro slavery is not the only form of human despotism amongst us; but we think it the worst, and that the others are more likely to get ended when this is out of the way. If the house is on fire, and the pigs in the garden, let us first put out the fire, and then attend to the pigs at our leisure.

We hold it for true that the majority of good men are responsible for nearly all the sin committed by the rest. Were all the temperate men in Massachusetts to say, "There shall be no drunkenness amongst us," just as they say, "there shall be no wolves," it would soon be as difficult to find a drunkard in the State, as to find a bear at Nantucket. So is it with Slavery; if all the (so-called) non-slaveholding States were to say to the rest, "Hear, my brothers, this business of holding men as cattle is a shame, and a sin! we have borne it long enough. Please God, the nuisance must henceforth abate, and take itself out of our sight! We will not give up your runaways; not allow your nigger jails in the territories, and even in the capital, making the name of Washington to stink in the face of the nations. We will have none of your shipments of men and women under our flag. We will treat you kindly, as Christian men should treat sinners; but we will treat your slaves manfully, as we would like to be treated under such cases. We will not tolerate a pro-slavery man in a northern pulpit; every Northern dough-face who aims to go to Congress, we will bake through and through before you see him again. We will put away the evil thing from the midst of us." If this were done, Slavery would soon come to an end.

But the mischief is—there are as many slaveholding men north of the Potomac, as south of it. I mean as many men who have no regard for that Christian maxim, *do to others what you wish them to do to you under like circumstances;* no regard for it on week-days; they like it on Sundays. It does them good to hear it from the pulpit—not spoken with reference to anything ever existing—and they pay the minister for enacting this miserable farce, in the name of God and Christ! These Northern abettors of Southern Slavery, are its real supporters. The great bulwark of Slavery is the NORTHERN CHURCHES, and the NORTHERN COLLEGES. Get these right, and Slavery will soon come to an end. Yet Slavery will come to an end, we doubt not, before NORTHERN CHURCHES and NORTHERN COLLEGES get right on this matter. So long as the North send men to Congress, who quote the New Testament in defence of American Slavery, and declare themselves ready to shoulder the musket and put down the negro nation crying to God for justice, and seeking that justice as Washington sought it—with the strong arm;—so long as the North puts such men at the head of its colleges—and in all manner of places of trust;—so long the South knows it has the countenance of the North for its heathen institution! A good man can stand out against public opinion when he knows that *it is wrong, and he is right;* a bad man can hold up, a long time, when public opinion favors him, though he knows that *it is wrong, and he is wrong, but a bad man cannot hold out against public opinion when he knows that he is wrong, and public opinion is right.* A bad institution cannot hold out against a righteous public opinion.

This Protest will do good, in many ways. It will show the South that some ministers at the North are ready to say what all know Christianity demands to be said on this point. And though the Unitarian denomination is the meanest in the land—in *numbers* and *wealth*—yet this fact will stand for more than millions and gold. It will waken some who yet sleep—bound fast in *their grave-clothes.* Nothing startles some men like the shout of numbers! It will rouse up that little denomination—which numbers already in its ranks of men soon to be blessed—a WORCESTER, a FOLLEN, a CHANNING, and a WARE. Some that have stood idly in the market-place, will come in at the eleventh hour—perhaps only five minutes before twelve—for they hear, in imagination, the clink of the penny; they will cease warring on science, and war—in their way—on sin. Other sects will join in making their Protest—for soon they will think the Unitarians have stolen the march upon them, taken possession of new ground, *high* ground, COMMANDING ground—and that denominational capital can as well be made in serving God, as in attempts, in His name, to serve the devil! At any rate, good will come of it, and we bid the ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY UNITARIAN MINISTERS "God speed" in their good work. It is the best thing the denomination has done these many years.

"The White Slaves."

It is a favorite plea with pro-slavery demagogues, both North and South, that Northern laborers are more the slaves of the capitalists, than the Southern chattels are of their tyrant masters. I have nothing especially to say in favor of our social machinery, and least of all, of that portion of it developed in the factory system. But, however bad this may be, it is no palliation of the wickedness and wretchedness of the other, and those who maintain the opposite proposition, should remember that Slavery may cease to-morrow if the slaveholder will repent of his wrong-doing, while the social system of the world is the result of no individual sin, but the natural growth of the progress of ages. Yet the meanest operative, in the most crowded and miserable factory-town of England, or the most wretched miner in her darkest mine, would scout with scorn the offer that might be made him to change conditions with the best of the slaves of this Republic. His life-long penury,—his cold and cheerless home,—his nakedness and hunger,—the right, at least, to starve on *his own account*—the certainty that if his children starve around him, their skin and bones cannot be sold at so much the ounce—that his haggard wife if she die before his eyes, cannot be sold, also before his eyes, to, he knows not what fate, or whither—even all this he would rather have with this little of freedom that is left him, than be the "fattest," and the "sleekest" of the slaves that Henry Clay can boast of owning. His eye, though it should be glazed in death, would brighten again with re-awakened energy, and flash with indignation, if the lot of the slave should be proposed as that of his descendants. How much more forcibly may this be said of the free laborer of the Northern States. The insult to God and to humanity, which Slavery is continually guilty of in making man a chattel, is hardly greater than is offered to the free, intelligent, educated, and moral workman of the North, in comparing him to the wretched beings that the accursed system has made of the negro race.

Doubtless, he who would call a Northern operative a slave, would make him so were not the power wanting. And well will it be when the people learn that their worst enemy is he who enslaves labor. By whatever specious name he may call himself, he who will palliate the greater wrong by the less, or even a less by a greater, and find therein an excuse for his own supineness, is a tyrant at heart, and will commit all wrong if he but have the opportunity. They who excuse their want of hatred of Slavery by their hatred of our social evils, love Slavery more than they hate the other.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise, when rightly understood, is, in its essence and in its practical operation, an assertion of the rights of all men,—not of the black man only, but of all men, be their color or their condition what they may; and though men may be slow to find this out, they will learn it at length. We may look upon it as a hopeful sign that the factory people of the town of Manchester, New Hampshire, have recently held a meeting, called expressly because of some comparisons made between their class and the slaves of

of the indignity and insult put upon them by that pseudo democracy, which would excuse its own hypocrisy, and pave its way to power by a pretended sympathy for the wrongs of the Northern laborer, and by pandering to the tyrannical spirit of the slave-power. The proceedings of the meeting are too long for our columns, even had they not a party bias, for which we have no fellowship. But they speak as Northern freemen should, and properly rebuke the spirit that would enslave them while it pretends to pity, and to love, when they say, "we protest that we are morally, religiously, politically, physically, free—as free as walks man or woman on the wide earth. We know no restraints but our own wills and the laws which bind all."—c.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, Faneuil Hall, will open December 23d,

And will offer an unequalled opportunity for the selection of Christmas and New-Year's presents, with useful and ornamental articles of every description, from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland,—from India and China,—from France, and all parts of the United States.

Among the rare and valuable things, received from abroad, are

WOOLLEN ARTICLES

of the greatest beauty, in inexhaustible variety. Ladies' and children's scarfs and shawls; the various clan tartans, Royal Stuart, Princess Mary, McPherson, Flower of Dumblane, and many other fancy combinations; infants' and children's richly wrought cloaks and dresses of Thibet cloth—the most beautiful colors and in a novel style—the pattern worn by the Royal children, the materials for which, cannot be at present procured in the country. Infants' silk quilted and braided hoods, caps, and bonnets to match.

NETTED AND KNITTED WOOLLEN, COTTON AND SILK ARTICLES—

Scarfs, neck-ties, invalid shoes, bags, infants' caps, socks, boots, stockings, sofa negliges, brioches, Polish boots, sofa and carriage pillows of new styles, opera hoods, Spanish Cofas, impalpable shawls and scarfs of very large sizes, and a few *fichus* of the same material. Polish reticules, bead, wrought silk, chenille, lace wrought, straw wrought, and many other varieties of ladies' bags. Light silk and lace dress aprons. A most elegant and valuable counterpane of exquisite workmanship, doileys, caraffe-stands and toilette napery, in sets of six pieces each, etched napkins or doileys, and an inexhaustible variety of mitts, muffs, muffatees, purses, which should be seen to be appreciated. Among other very curious and valuable things, are elegant baskets of worsted flowers copied from nature with a fidelity and beauty which make them objects of *virtu* as well as ornament.

BERLIN WORSTED WORK.

Tabourets, reticules, cabas, travelling bags, elegant lamp-mats, stands, slippers, screens, in immense variety.

THE BOOK TABLE

Will afford by far the most beautiful selection of elegant writing materials to be found in the whole country; *Papier Francais* of every description; plain, pictorial, ivory, porcelain, satin, embossed, lace, illuminated, initial woven, vellum, mourning, gilded and ungilded, banded edge of all colors, royal Papeterie, ladies' Papeterie, Chinese cut, Weynen's, beautiful envelopes, of every style, size, and quality; the largest size English folio post; letter size, large and small; cases of Perfumes, Sachets, Writing Cabinets and Desks, Prince's and Victoria Cases, Sealing Wax, of six kinds; palace, bridal, best variegated, perfumed, architectural; Wafers of six kinds,—gold and silver embossed, enamelled, motto, architectural, cameo, transparent,—Book Marks and Pen Wipers, most novel and unique; flower and pencil Drawings, oil Paintings, water-color Landscapes and Figure Pieces, in a rare style of art; Portfolios, Screens, Card-receivers, Letter-stands, and Inkstands, of *papier mache* and Berlin iron, with China fixtures—a very beautiful article, new in England—gold and white porcelain Door-handles and Plates, for boudoirs; marble and bronze Paper-weights, of great beauty and elegance—the only ones to be purchased in the country of the same description; woven silk copies of the best works of great masters—very curious and beautiful; Cranmer's black letter Bible—1587, in perfect preservation. A great collection of Autographs; just received from England. Portraits of the English Statesmen of the 17th and 18th centuries, with the autograph of each. Illuminated Music Books, Albums, new and curious workmanship in cardboard, very beautiful; moving Pictures, Tapers, candle Ornaments.

Among the miscellaneous things which cannot now be properly classified, are ornaments of Irish bog oak, and Irish diamonds ladies' work boxes and cases, beautifully fitted up; lined and other baskets; bouquet-holders; patterns for worsted work, dolls, in the costumes of Swiss and Scottish peasantry, Yankee pedlars, Chinese tumblers, and many others. Beautiful Chinese screens, fans, scarfs, wrought aprons, toys, sewing-silk, best brooms and wooden-ware, children's toys, dissected puzzles, chess-men, boxes of bricks, carpet-bags, boys' satchels, shoe-bags, toilette-bags, needle-books of the most perfect workmanship, velvet note cases, and velvet steel ornamented envelope boxes, &c. Turned ivory toys; every description of ladies', gentlemen's, and children's collars, caps, black silk aprons, handkerchiefs, and cuffs; flowers, and a gay confusion of things, which time and space, this week, will not permit to be mentioned.

BOOKS.

The 7th annual number of the LIBERTY BELL will be published as usual, with a fine engraving of Mr. Garrison, and bound in a more beautiful style, containing articles from William and Mary Howitt, J. R. and Maria Lowell, Longfellow, Bowring, Garrison, Mrs. Follen, Phillips, Cassius M. Clay, L'Instant, of Häiti, Harriet Martineau, Lucretia Mott, Giddings, Furness, Parker, Thompson, Clarkson, Quincy, Margaret Fuller, and many other distinguished friends of the cause.

Cadell's Edinburgh edition of Lockhart's Life of Scott; Dr. Carpenter's Life and Works; Gurney's Evidences of Christianity; Pastor's Legacy, from the German of Lavater; Little England's half-penny newspaper; 1 copy Abdy's Travels; 1 of Beaumont's Ireland; Ballad poetry of Ireland; Life of R. L. Edgeworth; English Factory Life; Job and his Times. Many rare and valuable old books. H. C. Wright's Six Months in Graefenberg.—English Juvenile Miscellany. Childs' Friend. Mifflen's Julia Alpenula. Lowell's and Longfellow's Poems, the best children's gift-books. Engravings of O'Connell, Alexander Dumas, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Elizabeth Fry, Howard. Corn-Law Speeches and Documents, and new Evangelical Tracts, do. Sermons, by distinguished persons. Reports of the Scotch Anti-Slavery Societies. All the standard Anti-Slavery works.

It should be recollected that half the good have not yet come to hand, and cannot therefore be particularized. Among those expected are specimens of the rare Staffordshire china, made but by one manufacturer, and never imported, on account of its expensiveness and fragility.

The refreshment table and the shoe-table are expected to be more attractive than ever before. Fuller advertisements will appear next week.

The Fair.

The friends who have gathered greens, trees, moss, &c. to form part of the decorations of Faneuil Hall for the Fair, are gratefully informed that the time and place for its reception are at the Hall, from very early morning, on Friday, the 19th December, to Saturday evening, 20th December; and the earlier on Friday this part of the decoration arrives, the better for the purpose.

Friends not intending to superintend the sales in person, are entreated to mark the prices on each article, and to forward seasonably, as articles which are not received at first, lose the best chance of sale.

Friends wishing to aid us, are informed that all donations of goods, which will save expenditure, are particularly desirable to us; as for example, cheap white cotton, to cover the tables, and coal to heat the Hall.

Wooden and tin toys for the children's table, in the centre of the hall, are requested to complete the assortment of beautiful ones already received.

The prospects of success were never so good as at present; and it is hoped that the friends will, as far as possible, accompany their contributions to the Hall. To those who are unable to do so, we promise our utmost care and best exertions. A list and description of such articles as is desired should be advertised, should be forwarded immediately.

In behalf of the Committee,
M. W. CHAPMAN.

☞ The following verses, from the Boston Courier, by the uncompromising LOWELL, are better than a score of prose editorials at the present crisis: and we claim the thanks of the readers of the Standard for making it the instrument through which men may

"List such voices, awful and austere."—c.

VERSES, SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shouts the instantaneous throe
When the travail of the ages wrings earth's system to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start,
Nation widly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the noble clod.

For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falshood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Have ye chosen, O my people, on whose party ye shall stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet the Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-acteons see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earthborn Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey,—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the Cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis an easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime,—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse, which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailor? Shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward, still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

The Cotton Aristocracy.

The two following letters have been accidentally omitted from our paper for the last two weeks, and we now give them an insertion, as they may be new to some of our readers, and as they are worth being put upon record as specimens of the patriotism, wisdom, and morality of a certain class in New England. In themselves they are of very little importance, and have not exerted, and could not exert, any great influence beyond a small circle. Abbott Lawrence is a great man in a very small way, and his acts and opinions are deemed of considerable importance in Kilby street, Boston. Nathan Appleton, is of like consequence on 'Change, and exerts a wide influence in the daily caucusses for business and gossip, in the State street Insurance offices. Beyond these localities the world is so blind, as not to recognize them as among the great ones of the earth. They are, however, both of them perfectly well acquainted with the cotton-trade, and can tell to the fraction of a cent the probable price of sheetings and shirtings six months hence. Their judgment in these respects is no doubt unerring, and their outlay of capital is consequently judicious, whether it be of money, patriotism, or morality, for each is graduated by the Price Current, the cotton crop, and the market for Lowell manufactures. Both consider the question of Annexation as settled, and decline to interpose their efforts to defeat the measure. How they have opposed it heretofore, is doubtless well known in Kilby and State streets, and their forbearance in refusing to defeat the councils of the slave-power, will, probably, be fully appreciated the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. The marvel is, that Massachusetts did not at once obey their dictation, and cease her puny efforts to overthrow iniquity. When Messrs. Lawrence, and Appleton have failed, can Massachusetts do anything? What they believe is wisdom, dare Massachusetts to declare is folly and wrong? New England must not forget her old lesson, so well conned and acted upon in past time, that money is more worth than morality, and a high price for long-cloths better than liberty. She should wait till the Tariff is reduced some 20 per cent. and then she may learn from the cotton lords, that Slavery is very wicked, and the tyranny of the slave-power beyond bearing. Kilby street would hardly contain itself if the extension of the area of Slavery was a curtailment of the market for cotton goods, and State street will burst with patriotism when any national wickedness shall reduce the price of Lowell stocks to 50 per cent. below par. In the meantime, we may consider the following letters as a very good index to the character of the cotton aristocracy of New England:

"TO THE HON. C. P. ADAMS:

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note with a paper for my signature for the Congress of the United States, protesting against the annexation of Texas. I have, as you know, opposed the annexation of Texas, and continued my opposition to that measure so long as it was an open question. I deem further action on the subject, on my part, useless, as a majority of the people have decided in favor of annexation, and that Texas now *virtually* composes a part of our Union. I must, therefore, decline your proposition, and remain, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Your friend, and obedient servant,
ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

Boston, Nov. 7, 1845.

HON. NATHAN APPLETON'S LETTER.

BOSTON, Nov 10, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received a circular with your signatures, dated the 6th instant, asking my aid and co-operation in the measures taken by the Massachusetts Texas Committee, and requesting an early answer.

With this last request, coming from gentlemen for whom I have individually the highest personal respect, I feel bound in common courtesy to comply. I cannot, however, take part in this Texas movement. For all practical purposes, as far as the people are concerned, I consider the question as settled. I have opposed it, and contributed funds to oppose it, so long as there appeared to be a chance of preventing it. Massachusetts has done her duty, and her Senators and Representatives will continue to do theirs. Beyond that I cannot think it good policy to waste our efforts upon the impossible.

I observe amongst the parties to this movement, a great number, if not a majority, of those who have distinguished themselves as members of the abolition party. Now I believe our fathers did wisely in establishing the union of the States under the existing Constitution. It is at least questionable whether the abolition movement is reconcilable with duty under that Constitution. At any rate, that movement, as conducted, was calculated, in my opinion, to produce, and has produced, nothing but evil. It has banded the South into a solid phalanx in resistance to what they consider an impertinent and unjustifiable interference with their own peculiar rights and business. It has thus exasperated their feelings, and by its operation on their fears, has increased the severity of the slave laws. It has postponed the period of emancipation in the more northern slave States, which were fast ripening for that event. Finally, by its political action, it has secured the election of Mr. Polk, and the admission of Texas into the Union.

I cannot sympathize with their cry of "Accursed be the Union," and I cannot but regret some of the sentiments contained in the documents enclosed to me. I cannot furnish funds to aid in their dissemination.

With much respect, I am,
Gentlemen, your most ob't serv't.
N. APPLETON.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS,
" JOHN G. PALFREY,
" CHARLES SUMNER.

This Week's Paper.

We would call attention to the letters on our first page from James Haughton. They have already appeared in the Liberator, but we could not refrain from transferring to our columns articles so faithful and uncompromising in their spirit, and such well-deserved rebukes of pro-slavery and canting Unitarianism. We wish to avoid—and we think we do, pretty successfully,—having the Standard and Liberator contain the same matter, but of course it is sometimes necessary and proper, as probably half the readers of the one never see the other.

In the pro-slavery column we give most excellent proof—if any were needed—of the truth of the narratives which have heretofore reached us in relation to the Cambria row. This worthy correspondent of the Herald, in his spite and vexation, betrays the fact that the rioters are without defence for their conduct.

The letter of our esteemed friend, James Cannings Fuller, is one of great interest. Every friend of the slave will rejoice at the good tidings he brings us.

An Apt Scholar.

An Englishman who has become somewhat known in this country as the author of the "Pen and Ink Sketches," published in the Boston Atlas, is now in London, as correspondent of that paper. In a recent letter, he says:

"Frederick Douglass, the negro orator, is, I see, by the Irish journals, travelling and speaking in Paddyland. He has made a great sensation in Cork, but his statements are by far too sweeping, according to the reports. He seems to abuse the *whole* of the States, so that people here imagine that Massachusetts men are as much to blame as those of the slaveholding portion of America. There is not here a proper understanding with respect to the matter, and I fear Douglass will do little good by his speeches. When he comes to London I shall go and hear him, and report progress."

This is as good as if he were born in sight of Faneuil Hall, instead of having passed a twelvemonth only in this country. He will hardly fail of achieving popularity if he will only insist upon it that the North has nothing to do with Slavery, and that the statements of the Abolitionists "are by far too sweeping." This is just what Northern turpitude and submission has always said, and no more certain way can be found to win Northern regard than the repetition of their own base folly. The Englishman was here long enough to put his hand upon Jonathan's heart, and see how it beat.

Twenty-Ninth Congress.

Congress has been in session a fortnight, and as yet has done nothing of moment. A resolution has been introduced for the final annexation of Texas, in accordance with the terms of the "Joint Resolution" of last session, and very many petitions from various sections of the free States, have been presented by Mr. Adams and others, against the admission of that province.

Mr. Dickens has been selected as the Secretary of the Senate. Mr. Robert Beale, was chosen Door-keeper, and Mr. Holland, Assistant Door-keeper, in the same body. The standing Committees have all been appointed.

"It is said that a son of Jefferson, now living in Ohio, is not allowed a vote, or an oath in a court of justice."

It is the Evening Mirror which states this singular fact, and which we are willing to take for granted on its authority. Thomas Jefferson, the father of American Democracy,—that democracy which has Slavery for its corner-stone—had, it is said, a son by one of his female slaves, and this it is, doubtless, who is denied the birth-right which his father said belonged to all men. It may be that the Mirror is not in earnest, but means only to make a thrust at the Peculiar Institution. It is of little consequence, however, whether the fact, as stated, is true or not. Jefferson's son may well be a no better man, and no more deserving of political rights than the million others of his brethren, North and South, to whom they are denied. The Mirror need not have gone out of our own city to find men who are deprived of the rights of citizenship, whose title to them has a better foundation than the accident of birth.

UNEQUIVOCAL.—The venerable D. Lyman Beecher, speaking of Slavery and of those who hold that it is not a sin, says:

"Enslaving men, in the first instance, is by their doctrine sinful, but he that takes up and perpetuates the wrong thus begun, is guilty of no wrong: though the curse of Slavery is thus sent down through all the slave's posterity to the judgment-day! Will some of them tell us at which link in this horrid chain the wrong loses its nature and becomes right? I tell you that at whatever link the slaveholder lays hold of for the purposes of slaveholding, it will attract the electricity of God's wrath, that shall burn to the lowest hell!"

Harsh language is becoming popular. But will Dr. Beecher tell us if the "electricity of God's wrath," will turn aside at that "link in this horrid chain," by which he, and his church are bound to Slavery, and the system is upheld and perpetuated, because he and his brethren refuse, by their acts, to *unchristianize* it?

THE MISSING MEXICAN INSTALLMENTS.—The Tribune publishes a letter from Santa Anna to a gentleman in this city, in which the ex-President asserts that the installments were paid *in cash* by his orders to the agent. If they were paid in paper, he says, the minister violated his duty in disobeying the commands of the President, and the agent was no less guilty in receiving what he should have refused.

JOHN B. GOUGH.—The editor of the National Police Gazette reiterates the charges against Gough of voluntarily passing a week, during his mysterious absence, in a house of ill-fame, and of being as much a sane man at the time as a drunken man can ever be,—so much so as to go to his hotel for a change of clothing. It behooves Mr. Gough to meet this charge.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Lay of Cape Cod; The Questioner—A Chant. *Miscellany:* Marie; or, Slavery in the United States; The Glorious Unpaid; Interview between Charles II. and William Penn, 1681; Deferred Items.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Abolition Riot on the Atlantic. *Selections:* Rev. Dr. Parkman of America; Rev. Dr. Dewey; Anti-Slavery Meeting at Independent Chapel.

SECOND PAGE.—The Parkersburg Prisoners; The London Committee. *Communications:* Letter from James C. Fuller.

☞ Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. was elected last week as Mayor of Boston for the ensuing year.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Farther from Mexico.—The New Orleans papers have farther advices from Vera Cruz by the John Adams, at Pensacola, on the 27th ult. than those we published on Tuesday last.—*Tribune.*

The Picayune says:

Our files of papers come down to the 7th of November from Vera Cruz, and to the 1st from the city of Mexico.

On the day when the John Adams and the store-ship Lexington, sailed, the only American vessel lying at Vera Cruz, was the Ann Louisa, of New-York.

On the 5th ult. as the Mexican steamship Montezuma was firing a salute, three men were killed on board—we presume from the bursting of a gun. The same paper which chronicles this calamity, records the death of a mason in Vera Cruz, by the falling of the balcony of a house called *Amiga de la Nacion.*

The latest we hear of Gen. Paredes, is a letter from San Luis Potosi, dated October 20, announcing the tranquility of the five departments under his command.

On the 14th of October Gen. Arista devotes a letter to his castigation of the savages. He pays a compliment to Capt., Seal and his volunteers, for their services in this business, and the Government orders public thanks to be presented to Capt. Seal for said services. We could fill our paper with reports to the War Department upon these Indian outrages, and the late success of the Mexicans in repulsing them.

A letter is published from Gen. Arista, dated at Monterey, October 9th, reporting to the Government an affray between Capt. Camerani, of the artillery, and a citizen named Prado. The latter had given offence to the soldier by some libellous newspaper squib, and was chastised for his pains. The matter was turned over to a military tribunal for examination, &c. Gen. Arista improves the opportunity to inveigh against the scurrility of the press, which has been especially directed against himself and other officers of the army.

El Centinela of Ures, of October 3, gives farther accounts of the incursions of the Apache Indians, in one of which, a *conducta* going down from Hermosillo to Guayamas, was attacked, several killed and wounded, and a very considerable booty carried off.

The Government has received intelligence from Durango of considerable success against the Indians in that Department. In one action, a number of the savages were left dead on the field, a thousand horses were recovered from them, and seventy captives set at liberty.

Senor Don Luis Fernandez del Campo has been appointed Governor of the Department of Oaxaca, in place of Don Antonio de Leon. The appointment appears to have given satisfaction.

On the 4th ultimo, a soldier at Vera Cruz, while bathing, was seized by sharks, and devoured.

Don Roman Flores, a captain of the army, has been arrested and imprisoned, charged with conspiracy and an attempt to excite insurrection. He addresses a long appeal from his confinement to the public, denying every charge brought against him.

General Items.

Puseyism in Boston.—Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, prelate of the diocese of Massachusetts, has issued a public declaration expressive of his disapprobation of certain Romish ceremonials, or "outward signs" of Catholicism introduced into that new church for free sittings, known as as the "Church of the Advent," in Boston.—These innovations are the form of the communion table, the decorations of golden candlesticks, and of a large wooden cross by which the table is surmounted, the posture of facing the altar observed by the officiating clergy.

The widow of Joe Smith writes from Nauvoo to the N. Y. Sun that she is left with a family of small children, without any means of giving them an education, for *there is not a school in the city.* She adds:

"I must now say, that I never for a moment believed in what my husband called his apparitions and revelations, as I thought him laboring under a diseased mind; yet, they may all be true, as a Prophet is seldom without credence or honor, excepting in his own family or country; but as my conviction is to the contrary, I shall educate my children in a different faith, and teach them to obey and reverence the laws and institutions of their country."

Another Slaver.—We learn that the American schooner Patuxent, (belonging to Rhode Island, we believe) put into St. Georges, Bermuda, on the 19 ult, being a prize to the United States sloop Yorktown, by which she was captured at Cape Mount, Africa, on the 27th of September. The Patuxent was last from Monrovia.

The fare between Springfield and Northampton, by railroad, has been established at 50 cents. The road is now completed, and trains will commence running early next week.—*Springfield Rep.*

President Jones has issued a proclamation, appointing the 15th of December inst. as the day for holding the election for Governor, and Senators and Representatives to the Legislature of the State of Texas. The death of Calvin F. Keith, a colporteur of the American Tract Society, is noticed in the Texas papers.—*N. O. Pic.*

Coal wanted at Pottsville!—The Miners' Journal of Saturday has the following singular paragraph:

Scarcity of Coal.—We noticed last week, the fact that it was exceedingly difficult for the inhabitants of our borough to get coal. Since the snow fell, coal is still more scarce and many families who would buy it, if it were to be procured, cannot obtain a supply.

The negro boy Ned, charged with setting fire to the barn of Mr. Echols, of Rockbridge, was tried on the 22d ult. convicted, and sentenced to be hanged on the first Friday in January next. The Court, however, in consideration of his youth, (being as the Gazette says, only about 11 years of age,) have unanimously recommended him to Executive clemency.

Wm. Morris has been sentenced to the Alabama Penitentiary for thirty years, for enticing slaves away to a free State.

The Louisville Democrat quotes the following sentence from the Louisville Journal in glowing capitals, in order to cast odium upon that paper:

"*All men have a right to Liberty, no matter of what color.*"

The Governor of Virginia has communicated to the Legislature his late correspondence with the Governor of Ohio respecting the requisition of the latter for the arrest of the men who kidnapped certain citizens of Ohio. The documents were referred to a select Committee.

Died.

At Community Place, Motteville, on the 26th ult. Miss MARY WILDS, late of Philadelphia.

In Duxbury, November 25th, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. JUDITH WESTON, aged 46, wife of Hon. C. B. Weston, and sixth daughter of Hon. Seth Sprague.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR,
IN BEHALF OF THE
PRISONER'S FRIEND.

DEAR SIR:—Believing you to be deeply interested in the subject of Capital Punishment, and in the prevention of crime generally, the editors of the Hangman have ventured to address you in reference to their periodical, which has now been established one year for a discussion of those subjects. Having resolved on continuing the publication, they appeal to you for aid, more especially, as they intend to make several improvements, which they will briefly relate. In conformity to the suggestion of many, they have resolved on changing the name to "Prisoner's Friend."

Already have they incurred a considerable expense to procure a splendidly engraved title.

Every effort will be made to make it rank with any of the leading journals of the day, and every way worthy of the beautiful title which it bears. Every sentiment of an immoral tendency will be excluded, so that it will be rendered an acceptable family newspaper.

To render the articles attractive, it is intended to present occasionally appropriate engravings.

As we are opening a correspondence abroad, we shall present many valuable articles from the best foreign writers.

To render the periodical still more interesting, we shall present the news of the week.

Such is a sketch, dear Sir, of our general plan. How many of our old friends will continue their support, we know not. We hope not to miss a single name. On the contrary, will you not rather induce others to join with you? The prisoner cannot aid us. Of course, our enemies will not. To you, therefore, we look for aid in carrying forward to its final consummation, this great and benevolent movement. We ask you to circulate this among your friends, and forward to us such sums as you may receive, either as subscriptions to the paper, or donations to the cause. Shall not the PRISONER'S FRIEND find a generous support? If you do no more, send 25 cents for three months of the new volume, which commences with the year 1846.

Now is just the time to subscribe. The subject of Capital Punishment will be discussed in Lyceums, HALLS OF LEGISLATION, and, probably, in the CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is confidentaly believed, that no persons here have equal facilities for conducting a periodical of this character.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO THE PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

As the paper has been continued for one year, including *the old and new series*, it has been thought best, in order to carry out our plans, to CLOSE THE PRESENT VOLUME WITH THE PRESENT YEAR. Subscribers who have paid with reference to the closing up of the year on the first of April, will receive their papers to the full amount for which they have paid. We believe that generally, this arrangement will meet their wishes, especially as by so doing, we present several improvements not promised.

TERMS.—One year, $1 00. Six months, 50 cents. Three months, 25 cents. Address, C. & J. M. SPEAR, 40 Cornhill, Boston.

FAIR.

The friends of the slave who will gather at the approaching Fair, in Philadelphia, are earnestly requested to come richly laden with the produce of their farms and gardens. There will be a large demand for poultry. Supplies of cream will be needed for the refreshment table. Amidst your plenty, friends, remember the slave's penury.

Articles designed for the Fair, may be sent, before the 18th instant, to the house of Anna M. Hopper, 22 North 7th street. On and after that day, they may be sent to the rooms, in the Assembly Buildings. Poultry, &c. should be deposited at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North 5th street.

Emma Parker, *Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew, *Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim, *Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless, *Martha Curman,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh, *Sarah M. Douglass,*
Olive Bacon, *Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney, *Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney, *Teresa K. Hallowell,*
Sarah Child, *Eliza J. Bias,*
Margaret Jones.
Committee of Arrangements.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

An annual meeting of the above Society, will be held in the CITY OF ROCHESTER, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31st. All who feel an interest in behalf of our chattelized brethren, or in extending the means for his elevation to the rank of a MAN, are earnestly desired to give their attendance. It is confidently hoped that every county and *town* in Western New-York, will be represented, as it is to THEM ALONE upon whom depends this agitation in this part of the State. It is expected to be a PEOPLE'S MEETING, depending entirely upon *their own* energies. To the *people* then, of Western New York, we say, "come one, come all," and let there be a great gathering.

By order of the Executive Committee.
E. W. CAPRON, Cor. Secretary.

☞ Liberator please copy.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN FALL RIVER.

A course of Lectures will be delivered by request of the Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle of this place, in the Berean Temple.

Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Medford, Friday, Dec. 19.
John W. Brown, Esq. of Boston, Friday, Jan. 2.
All persons are respectfully invited to attend the meetings.

S. S. BUFFINGTON, *Sec'y.*

Fall River, Nov. 7th, 1845.

THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS
Anti Slavery Fair,
TO BE HELD IN
FANEUIL HALL,
AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The undersigned, deeply sensible of the obligations of those who begin a work of beneficent reform to carry it forward to the end of their lives, have determined to continue, during the present, as in the eleven preceding years, to disseminate the moral principles, and awaken the feelings which alone can effect the abolition of Slavery.

If we needed fresh stimulus in a work, which perpetually renews the devoted spirit, we could not fail to find it in the present condition of our country. The supporters of Slavery, perceiving that the practice and the preaching of a higher morality, endangers the perpetuity of their system, hope by the annexation of Texas to maintain the balance of power in its favor. But Freedom can gain at the North faster than Slavery at the South, if those who call themselves friends of Freedom, will but labor with zeal and diligence in her behalf.

Our appeal is, in an especial manner, to those who are newly awakened to the nature of Slavery, and its unavoidable termination in political subjugation, and national ruin:—and, who earnestly desire to avoid the fatal consequences of the atrocious deed of Texan Annexation.

If the people were awake to the importance of this question of Annexation to the welfare, to the honor, to the very existence of the UNITED STATES, *as such*, they would speak with one voice from every city, county and town throughout the free States, in that decisive tone which would settle the question in the negative at once and forever:—which would sunder any such connection already formed, as threads are parted by flame.

It is to awaken—to inform—to inspire the American people with a sense of what they owe their times, their race, and themselves, that we propose this effort, to be carried on through the year, and to be concluded in December next, with THE TWELFTH MASSACHUSETTS A. S. FAIR. Wherever, the country over, there is a single person professing an interest in the cause, whose eye this shall meet, let that person instantly commence operations for THE FAIR, and interest as many others as possible for its success.

We have the pleasure of announcing to those who have aided us the last year, that but little remains on hand of the contributions of the last Fair. The whole will have been converted into money before the next, and employed in supplying lecturers and publications. Let no one shrink from the duty of aiding us, because he does not deem the Anti-Slavery lecturers and publications the best possible;—our object is to arouse those whose office it *should* have been to bear the truth to us: those whom all confess to be, by their prudence, mildness, judiciousness, and position, rightly qualified for the work we have undertaken, if they could but be induced to undertake it. From among these, we fervently hope, will arise, such as shall put to shame all former advocates, by their devotedness, their zeal, their diligence, and their disinterestedness.

We request for the cause's sake, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery working clubs, for the aid of THE FAIR. Men can do as much for it as women, by furnishing the requisite funds; by making articles for it, as time permits,—the best specimens of their mechanical ingenuity, and manufacturing skill,—by sending the fruits of their agricultural industry. We ask not for the formation of sewing-circles *only*, but for working-clubs of every description. They may be made the medium of a happier social intercourse than commonly prevails. They may be reading societies and working societies, while their object is the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause.

We ask of all our friends, and the friends of the cause, and the opposers of Texan Annexation throughout the country, to take the action above indicated. We ask of all such in this city, donations of money or materials, or orders for such articles as they prefer to purchase at the Fair.

Of the opposers of Annexation, we feel that we have a double *right* to ask aid: for have not *our* efforts aroused them to a sense of the danger and the wrong, and are not *their* efforts consequently due to awaken those who yet slumber over it? It is not more imminent now, than during all these years between 1835 and 1845, which they have slept away, while we watched and worked. Requite, now, to others, the good for which we should scorn the thought of a return to ourselves. We desire only to give the advantage of our personal exertions and experience in making this requital as extensively beneficial as economy and knowledge of the ground can do.

Donations and communications may be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN, 25 Cornhill, office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, or to either of the undersigned:—

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
ELIZA L. FOLLEN,
SARAH S. RUSSEL,
SARAH B. SHAW,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
LAVINIA HILTON,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARIA LOWELL,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
LOUISA LORING
HANNAH TUFTS,
CATHERINE SARGENT,
M. A. W. JOHNSON,
CAROLINE WESTON,
ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
MARY YOUNG,
HARRIET M. JACKSON,
MARY F. ROGERS.
ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARY WILLEY,
MARIAN FULLER.
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA C. PARKER,
HARRIETT P. STURGIS.

Boston, August 29, 1845.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1845.	3.75 a 3.12½	Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	40.00 a 42.00
Pearl	4.25 a 4.18¾	do. American	37.00 a 39.00
CANDLES.		Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11	do. Russia P,S,L	100.00 a 102.50
Sperm	27 a 29	do. do. N. Sable	95.00 a 97.50
Stearic do.	22 a 25	do. Swedes	87.50 a 90.00
COAL.		do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.25 a 7.50	do. do. refined	85.00 a 87.50
Newcastle	7.00 a 7.25	Sheet E. & Am. lb.	7 a 7½
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50	Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
Sidney and

Poetry.

From the Yarmouth Register.

A LAY OF CAPE COD.

BY D. B. FORD.

Sweet is the sound of laughter,
Sweet is the voice of song,
That through the merry greenwood
Come echoing along;
Sweet is the ringing of the axe
Upon some mighty beam;
Sweet is the clatter of the mill,
By yonder foaming stream.

Fair is the smiling cottage,
With vines and flowers o'erlaid,
The white walls gleaming brightly,
Through the dim, sombre shade;
Fair is the orchard, bending
Beneath its fragrant load;
Fair the white harvest, waving
O'er many an acre broad.

Blithely the ploughman whistles,
As on the level sod
He draws the furrow, straighter
Than mark of line, or rod;
And blithely laughs the mower,
As the harvest tall and strong
Falls, like pines before the north winds,
"When winter nights are long."*

But sweeter, far, than laughter,
Echoing through the forest glade;
And sweeter than the ringing
Of the stout woodman's blade;
Sweeter than clanking mill-wheel;
Or streamlet's ceaseless roar;
Is the thunder of the breakers
On the Cape's low, sandy shore.

And fairer than the cottage,
Half hid beneath the shade;
And fairer than the orchard;
Or harvest, in the glade;
Are, the good craft on the waters,
With her cloud of snowy sail;
And the raging of the ocean
Beneath the western gale.

More blithely than the ploughman
Whistles the skipper brave,
As his swift keel marks a furrow
On the surface of the wave;
More blithely than the mower
Laughs the skipper, in his glee,
As he sees the shores of Cape Cod
Stretch out into the sea.

Hurrah! for good old Cape Cod,
With its sandy hills, and low,
Where the waves of ocean thunder,
And the winds of heaven blow!
Where through summer, and through winter,
Through sunshine, and through rain,
The hardy Cape man plies his task,
Upon the heaving main;

Where through Sandwich's sounding forest
The hunter's rifle rings,
As the fleet deer from his covert
In the snowy jungle, springs;
Where on Barnstable's broad marshes
Clouds of wild-fowl hide the day;
Where the towering canvas whitens
The waters of her Bay.

Hurrah! for the stout vessel
That bears the Cape man well,
Through the storms of the Atlantic,
O'er the vast Pacific's swell!
From where the gloomy tempests
Round the "God of Hatteras" rave,
To where on Borneo's spicy shores
Ripples the gentle wave;

To where round Shetland's mountains
The swarming sea-fowl wheel;
And where in Shetland's caverns
The hunter slays the seal;
To where the fearless whalers
Amid the icebergs roam;
Where the huge game, dying, lashes
The ocean into foam.

Hurrah! for ocean's treasures,
That make wealthy all our land,
From the farthest bound of Falmouth,
To the "City in the Sand!"
Hurrah! for the good sickles
That our Cape men well can wield,
When they gather in the harvest
From the overflowing field!

Hurrah! for the noble Cape man,
With his hearty hand and strong,
As rough as is old ocean,
When the winds blow loud and long!
But with a heart as kind, and true,
And tender, though so bold,
As the gentlest that ever beat
Beneath a vest of gold.

Hurrah! for the maids and matrons
That grace our sandy home,
As gentle as the summer breeze,
As fair as ocean's foam!
Whose glances fall upon the heart,
Like sunlight on the waters;
Who're brighter in the festal hall,
Than France's brightest daughters.

Hurrah! for good old Cape Cod,
With its sandy hills and low,
Where the waves of ocean thunder,
And the winds of heaven blow!
Where through summer, and through winter,
Through sunshine, and through rain,
The hardy Cape man plies his task,
Upon the heaving main.

* Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

THE QUESTIONER—A CHANT.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not if of this world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began
I seek not of; but answer this—
Is he an honest man?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be nought, be any, everything—
I care not what you be—
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

Author of Travels in Ireland; and, in conjunction with de Tocqueville, of "Penitentiary System of the United States."

(Translated for the Standard.)

CHAPTER XIV.

The Farewell to Civilized America.

"This last proof was wanting to you?" said Nelson.

"For mercy's sake," I cried, "do not insult my heart by the question; but tell me where I shall be united to her who is a thousand times dearer than ever."

"Alas! my friend," replied Nelson, "all around us is difficulty, embarrassment, and misfortune. I see nothing with certainty, except the necessity of our immediate departure from New-York."

With this we all agreed; but where should we go? Nelson wished to conduct us to Ohio, where the American population, being composed of new elements, takes no cognizance of past life and family traditions. He also felt attracted thither by the fertility of the soil, and the industrial character of the people. But as we were about to yield to this project, our new host, Lewis Williams, to whom his brother had conducted us, informed us that the Legislature of Ohio had just passed a law prohibiting the entrance of colored people into the State. So many accumulated misfortunes, with this new act of tyranny, revived in my soul the emotions that my temporary intoxication had put to sleep.

"My beloved!" I said to Marie, "let us fly from a people that persecutes us. Happiness is too hard to find among the wicked,—but all men are wicked to us. Let us renounce this unfeeling world, I beseech you. Will you not follow me to the great western wilderness, which contains immense regions that Europeans have never penetrated. Let us there find our asylum."

What man is he, who surrounded by the charm of a mild atmosphere, and a lovely solitude, traversing a wild and gloomy forest where the water, where the living water runs beneath the trembling foliage, where the sun plays upon the wind-swayed tops of the trees, where all is repose and mystery, where nature takes possession of the soul by her calm, and of the senses by her voluptuous freshness,—who is he, I repeat, that under the empire of these impressions, has not dreamed of happiness in a spot removed from the world, and has not speedily transported to that solitary place, on the wings of his imagination, a cherished being with whom he might forget the rest of mankind, in the delight of love, and the enchantment of nature.

Those whose smiling illusions have not inspired them with this dream so beautiful, perhaps indulged the vision in those moments of sad reality when weariness, disgust, and wretchedness raise in the heart of the unhappy the hope of finding happiness there where the world is not.

My own dream of the wilderness sprung from melancholy: still it offered to my mind the sweetest images of felicity.

I told Marie of this impression with the deepest feeling, and an excess of tenderness which I now should strive in vain to describe to you. The heart in its hours of hope, finds expressings which are not of human origin; but the fire of this divine language is extinguished within it, when the soul falls from the celestial Eden towards which it sprung, into the valley of tears.

Marie listened with delight as I spoke. Our hearts were always one, and her imagination comprehended mine. When I said to her the words—"Wouldst thou follow me to the wilderness?" "Oh my friend," she exclaimed, "how gently and sweetly would flow my life wherever I beheld only thee!" Then, as if prompted by regret to have said so much, she went on,—"Solitude suits me, a poor child, whom God and man reject; but you, Ludovic,—for you to renounce the world, is it not too great a sacrifice?"

Then I strove to convince Marie of the little I should lose in removing from the haunts of men.

To pass my days with her alone, far from society that I detested, seemed a lot beyond which I could conceive of nothing more to be desired. I drew no exaggerated picture of my love, to remove her scruples;—I showed her my uncovered heart. "You think, my love," I said, "that it is a sacrifice which I offer you; not so. This retreat in the solitary forest, where we shall enjoy a felicity so sweet, is not only the choice of my heart, but the dictate of my reason. I am disgusted with the men of Europe, and their civilization. In the wild regions to which we go, we shall find other men, who are neither polished nor learned; but then they know not the arts of oppressions and tyranny. We call the Indians savages, because they have not our talents: but what name should they, who have none of our vices, give to us? It is in the bosom of their forests that we shall behold man in his primitive dignity.

"Civilized life is a life of collective strength and individual feebleness. The isolated man walks alone in strength and liberty.

"In our old civilization, the impotent of body, the cowardly in soul, the imbecile, who has merely the reflexion of a soul,—these are the strong ones of the society, provided they are born rich. It is they who sparkle—they who command—they who govern. There is not a rich poltroon but can supply with gold the lack of courage. Honors, distinctions, glory itself are sold like a commodity.

"I have seen idiots, whom a hundred sensible men, called valets, rendered service to. If they had been born kings, they would, in like manner, have been served by nations.

"With the Indians, on the contrary, intellect directs, energy rules, weakness yields; and among them one can no more purchase muscular strength, than moral power.

"Thus reason herself would drive us from the land we hate, and send us onwards towards the new country, which is the choice of our heart."

"Ah, yes," cried Marie, yielding to the conviction with which she saw me penetrated; "but my father!"

"Nelson," I replied, "loves us tenderly; everywhere we go his prayers and blessings will follow our steps; and, himself unfortunate, will he not desire to share our retreat?"

Nelson heard my projects without the least sign of emotion, and after deep reflection, thus replied: "The resolution you propose is extreme in its nature, but so is our situation. My children, I will never be separated from you. While you are occupied in the wilderness with your happiness, I shall have other duties to fulfil. I have always compassionated the wretchedness of the Indians, whose ignorance constitutes their weakness, since so great a number among us are severe and persecuting towards them. Heaven, which does not permit me to enjoy here happiness and serenity, is doubtless thus teaching me that my place should be elsewhere; and I shall do a useful work for my country in laboring to repair her injustice."

He reflected anew, and then continued. "We will journey towards the West, traversing vast regions; for the wilderness retreats each day, so quick in its growth, and so rapid in its extension is American civilization. If we sought only a fertile soil and beautiful scenery, we would choose our asylum in the valley of the Mississippi, on its right bank, which, as yet, counts but few inhabitants; but the waters of the great river, which fertilize the surrounding lands by their overflow, are, by their contact with vegetable matter, the source of exhalations fatal to human life. We should do better to bend our steps towards the great lakes, where the air is ever pure. Michigan is renowned for its salubrious climate. It has but one single city, Detroit, immense forests, and the nation of the Ottawa Indians."

The next day, the first of May, 1827, Nelson, Marie, and I, ascended the Hudson, to go to Albany, and thence to Buffalo, a little city situated on Lake Erie. Nelson would have chosen to take no servant with him, and I was disposed to follow his example; but the faithful Owasco entreated so earnestly to follow us, and showed so much chagrin at the idea of being separated from his good mistress, that we yielded to his wishes.

Thus we departed, cast out by persecution, and reduced to seek an asylum among savages. Ah! it was not then that I accused the rigor of my destiny. This departure, with the beloved,—the enchanting scenery of the North River offered us on both its banks, and which we loved to view together, our adventurous journey, towards unknown regions, even the very obstinacy of the misfortune which haunted our steps, all awoke energy and enthusiasm within me.

Hardly had we sailed ten miles on the Hudson, when, casting a look towards the great city of New-York, once the object of my illusions, now quitted without regret, I saw flames springing up in the distance at several points. "They are burning the churches of the blacks, and their public schools," said an American. Thus we could witness the effects of our enemies' hatred, even while sheltered from the stroke. Such was our adieu to civilized America.

Soon we saw only vast sheets of water, mountains and forests, and still we had not reached uncivilized America. Those intermediate regions which separate civilization from the wilderness, might well give us sad impressions. I cannot tell you what a compression of heart I experienced, when, on leaving Albany, coasting along the banks of the Mohawk, I met some Indians, in the dress of beggars. Less than a century ago, the savage inhabitants of these regions were a formidable nation. They filled the forests of the new world with their warlike tribes, their might, and their glory. What remains of their greatness? Their very name has disappeared from the earth. The people who replace them ask not even who preceded them, and the passing stranger inquires in vain. No historic remembrance is there to reply. Careless of the future, the American is wholly ignorant of the past. Doubtless the United States may become a great nation, but then who will take their place on earth? Will the remembrance of them fall into the same oblivion with their successors?

Meantime, these regions which are invaded by European civilization, long preserve their wild appearance. You meet, here and there, villages and cities, but all the intermediate way is a forest. The hatchet rings there incessantly, the flame is kept continually supplied from the falling forests; still only a few clearings are visible;—feeble conquests of man over a mighty vegetation, which, while falling under steel and fire, never confesses itself vanquished, and rises with fresh vigor in the face of its destroyers.

It is a strange thing, in the midst of this yet scarcely shaken empire of savage nature, to be stunned with the magnificent names of cities which recall the most ancient as the most brilliant civilization. Here Thebes, there Rome, and farther onward, Athens. Why this theft perpetrated upon every people of their glories, and their remembrances. Is it a parallel, or a contrast? The city of the hundred gates is a hamlet; the queenly city of the world is a clearing in the forest; the cradle of Sophocles and Pericles is a trading-station. (comptoir.)

Meanwhile other emotions agitated my heart.—Every time I saw a dark forest and pretty valley, a lake with its charming banks, I was tempted to stop there. "Here, with Marie," would I say, "could I live happy. Why, then, should we go farther?"

One day, passing near Lake Oneida, not far from Syracuse and Cicero, I saw a little island whose aspect thrilled my heart. It was in the middle of the lake, large enough to serve as the abode for one family, but too small for more. One would there find certain loneliness. It seemed as if nature had never shown me so ravishing a sight. It enchanted my eye by the freshness of its vegetation, by the richness and variety of its foliage, and the waters which surrounded it reflected in their silvered crystal, on the back-ground of the blue heavens, its graceful outlines, its clumps of flowering trees, its masses of verdure. "It is," they told me, "the Frenchman's Isle." Was not this the retreat that I was seeking? No—the shores of the lake are invaded by Europeans. There, are no longer hospitable Indians, but American inn-keepers. These inn-keepers have negroes for domestics; and these negroes devoted to public contempt because domestic service is their exclusive portion, are there as if to attest even on the boundaries of the wilderness, the existence of the prejudice of which they are the victims, and the eternal barrier which separates the two races.

The neighborhood of men repelled us: it was necessary to penetrate farther.

On our arrival at Buffalo, we heard of an event which filled the soul of Nelson with joy. They told us that there were in the port, ready to embark for Michigan, six hundred Indians, newly arrived from Georgia. They were of the Cherokee tribe. An agent of the General Government accompanied them, charged to conduct them to their new destination. Nelson was not long in recognizing in them the unfortunates for whom he had a short time before given his liberty, and whom American cupidity condemned to exile, at the very time that the cruelty of prejudice had constrained him and his family to quit Baltimore. Their principal men had seen Nelson in Georgia, and all recollected his generous devotedness. An affecting recognition took place between them and him, and it was a joyful occasion for the whole tribe. Nelson saw in this meeting the hand of Providence, and he said: "Heaven has heard our prayers. The unfortunates whom I sought, are sent to meet me; and do I not owe to heaven a signal acknowledgment of its almighty power, in granting me the happiness of again finding those from whom an odious persecution had separated me? Misfortune re-unites us; and now we will never be separated. The community of misery is a stronger tie than that of prosperity."

Our interest in the poor exiles increased when we heard the reflections of the Americans upon their departure.

"At length," they said, "those wretches are off. They have lived among us too long. What product did they draw from the fertile lands they have abandoned. The most capable among them are unable to undertake any manufacture; and all of them love a forest better than a wheat-field."

"Luckily," said another, "American good sense has trampled over the declamations of Philanthropists, Quakers, and Presbyterians."

A third added, "these savages are too fortunate. They will have, in Michigan, a rich country, great prairies, immense forests; and all these in perpetuity!"

While we were listening to such sad discourse, we witnessed a spectacle still more afflicting;—the preparations of departure. The bank of lake Erie was covered with half-naked Indians, little long-maned horses, half-wild hounds, long carabines, old clothes, all huddled together along the landing-place.

There is something profoundly sorrowful in a man's adieu to his native land; but a whole people departing into exile, present a scene at once of sorrow and solemnity.

They stood with moveless faces, yet one might discern the sentiment of a great misfortune.

When the signal for departure was given, we noticed a group of Indians advancing towards the port. They were yet graver and more absorbed than the rest, and walked with a solemn pace. One of them was bowed as if beneath a weight. At his approach, all gave way to facilitate his passage. At length we distinguished, in the midst of the crowd, a decrepit old man, bent under the weight of years; his bald forehead, his withered arms, his trembling body, rendered him more like a spectre than a living being. On one side, two old men supported him, whose sunken and trembling shoulders, seemed fitter to receive than give support; on the other he leaned on two women, the first with white hair,—the second with an infant at her bosom. It was the patriarch of the tribe: he had lived a hundred years. Strange and cruel destiny! This man, so near the sepulchre might not leave his bones among the bones of his fathers, but, a proscribed old man, he went, when his time had come to die, in pursuit of a country and a tomb. Five generations stood around him girt for departure, but no sorrow equalled his. What is exile to the newly born?—For him who has the future to look forward to, a new clime is as a native country.

There was, at that time, no regular communication between Buffalo and Michigan. This meeting with the Indians, who were Nelson's friends was therefore doubly fortunate for us, for a steamboat was in readiness to take them to the very spot which we previously had marked out as the end of our journey.

We took our place on board, among the Cherokees. During the passage from Buffalo to Detroit, Nelson conversed long with me upon the fate of those tribes once so mighty, now so prostrated. He spoke of them without European enthusiasm, and without American prejudices. Among the things he then said, I shall always remember these:

"It is thought that we shall exterminate by the sword the savage tribes of the West. It will not be so. We make use of a means of destruction as sure, and less dangerous for those who employ it.

"In payment for their rich furs of martin and beaver, we give them cheap brandy. The rude Indian kills himself by the abuse of this drink. This traffic enriches the American and destroys his enemy. Courageous voices are raised among us to brand it as infamous; but in vain. Sordid interest fascinates the eyes of the greater number.

"There are those who, to justify a wrong, accuse its victim. The Americans reproach the Indians with being vile and degraded; perhaps they are so, but were they so before the white men knew them? When our fathers first came into the midst of them, these savages possessed a character not without greatness, and true native dignity; with as much moral energy as muscular strength. These virtues are wanting to them now: who has despoiled them of such? Then they knew nothing of drunkenness, debauchery, mendacity;—the avaricious passions which the right of property engenders. All these vices have taken possession of their race:—*whence came they?*

"I know," added Nelson, "how difficult it is to polish their manners, to change their barbarous customs, to bow them to the double yoke of settled and agricultural life—the first elements of all civilization.—The obstacle lies in their mad love for their wild freedom.

"But what have we done to vanquish this obstacle? have we striven to regulate or to debase them? and if their degradation is our work, shall we find in this humiliation the excuse for our violence.

"The Indians were mighty in this land when a handful of banished men, asked an asylum in these forests. They were hospitable and good. Now men say to them 'depart! you are not worthy of the soil which bears you, and that you know not how to cultivate. Go! and live or die further off.' This language is not according to the spirit of God. If the Indians refuse to learn the useful arts which constitute the welfare of *this* life, let us teach them religion—the source of happiness in another. We need no longer feel remorse of conscience, if we Christianize them."

Thus spoke Nelson; and I listened to his words with pious respect, for his voice was that of a just man.

"You who sympathize with them hasten," he said to me, "to see and pity them, for they will shortly have disappeared from the earth. *The forests of Michigan are secured to them forever!*—yes, these are the terms of the treaty. But what mockery! The lands they occupied, and from which they have just been driven, were also secured to them *forever!* Their new asylum will be respected as long as it does not excite the envy of their enemies; but the instant the American population in the East finds itself straitened, it will recollect that the north of Michigan is a rich and beautiful region. Then a new treaty will be concluded between the United States and the Indians; and it will be demonstrated to the latter that self-interest well understood, dictates that they should abandon their new retreat, and seek another still farther off. But, continually advancing towards the West, they will finally encounter the Pacific. That will be the end of their course: there they will stop, as one pauses at the tomb. How many day's journey have they between them and this fatal termination? I know not—but these days are already numbered. Every ship-load of emigrants cast forth from crowded Europe, swells the hostile phalanx that pursues—quickens its course—accelerates the flight of the vanquished, and hasteus the hour of the catastrophe. After having staid awhile in Michigan, these Indians will be banished beyond the Rocky Mountains.—This will be their second; and when the ever-growing wane of European population shall have overleaped this last dike, the Indian, between the ocean and civilized society, will have the choice of two modes of destruction;—to be slaughtered by men, or swallowed up by the ocean."

While Nelson and I were theorizing on the fate of the Indians, Marie took but little interest in our discourse, but at the actual sight of their wretchedness she was much more moved than we. We reasoned; she wept.

The deep interest of these conversations, at first turned my attention from the new scenery which offered itself to view.

But when, after crossing Lake Erie, we entered the Detroit river; so called because the waters that form it, flowing from larger lakes, are pent up between its banks, an imposing scene seized the eye and left a strong impression on the mind.

In proportion as we ascended the river, we were surrounded by a greater number of the natives, who were attracted by the sound of the steam. For the first time they beheld a boat, without sails or oars. Nothing could paint the admiration and astonishment experienced by the child of the desert at this sight.

It was for him and for us a magnificent spectacle—that floating house moving of itself, and advancing impetuously forward against a rapid current, without any apparent help, between enamelled prairies so near on either side that we seemed to cleave the green through which we passed; the ceaseless thundering of the steam, which bore the sound of cities to these deep solitudes; this master-piece of human industry,—this marvel of modern civilization, placed in contrast with the primal beauty of uncultured nature.

Meanwhile, they showed us, on the left bank of the river, a long row of houses of painted wood, newly and elegantly built, in the same style as all the little American cities:—this was Detroit; and it is not known whether it takes its name from the river, or whether the river owes the name to the town. It was founded by French Canadians, at the time when France was powerful, in both the old and new world. Thence it is, that we find French names scattered here and there on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi, and even into the depths of the wilderness; Pepin-le-Bref, for example, St. Louis, and Montmorency: names fertile in recollections which would be exclusively delightful, if, in recalling the glory of conquest, they did not also bring to mind its crimes.

Detroit is the last city of the Northwest. After which begins the wilderness. It thus forms the connecting link between the savage and the civilized world: it is the point where American society ends, and Indian life begins.

Placed upon the boundary of these two worlds, one beholds them face to face. They touch, but in nothing do they assimilate.

I had always thought that in removing far from great cities, and in approaching solitary forests, I should behold civilization, weakening little by little, insensibly decrease, and ally itself with savage life by an almost imperceptible medium, which should be, as it were, a point of departure to, or from our habits and manners. But between New-York and the great lakes, I sought in vain for these intermediate degrees. Everywhere I found the same men, the same passions, the same habits;—everywhere the same lights and the same shadows. Singular phenomenon! the American people are formed from all nations; and yet no nation on earth presents a whole of such uniformity of features and character.

Until this moment Marie had supported the journey without complaining of any fatigue. But when we reached Detroit, her face bore the impress of suffering that it was no longer possible to conceal. She acknowledged that she needed repose, and we landed.

But the steamboat had only stopped to renew her stock of wood and provisions, and the bell announced her departure. "My children," said Nelson, "remain here as long as Marie's health requires; keep Owasco with you, whose services will be useful. I will go on, some days before you, to Saginaw. The place which bears this name is said to be fertile and beautiful, but it is yet unsettled. I will make preparation for you there, and the day you arrive shall be your wedding-day. I, myself, will unite you, since, being a minister, I have the legal power to do so. There, at least, my dear Ludovic, you may love the poor colored girl, without fearing perfidious revelations—without encountering contempt and hatred."

Thus spoke Nelson. His words were affecting, and each of us was deeply moved. Nelson said to me at parting from us.—"I confide to your honor my beloved daughter Marie. She had no pretensions to your love; but she is entitled to your respect. Your union has received the sanction of a minister of your own faith, but the Catholic religion is not that of Marie. You remember, besides, that the fearful catastrophe at New-York, left the solemn rite unfinished. Adieu, my son,—be a father to Marie, until the day when I shall salute you as her husband." Nelson might have judged by my profound emotion, that the memory of his counsels could never leave my heart.

An instant after, the boat left us bearing away Nelson and the Indians; and Marie, and I, we remained alone, amid the great American lakes, between a world which we quitted without regret, and a wilderness to which we look forward with hearts full of hope.

From the Nonconformist.

THE GLORIOUS UNPAID.

"Oh, send him to me, and I'll give him a month!" is, we believe, one of those forms of neighborly courtesy, with which gentlemen of the bench gratify the vindictive feelings of their friends, when annoyed by having their path crossed in any way by the poor. "I'll give him a month!" as though it were a matter of no greater importance than just administering physic to an ailing dog. The shame, albeit no crime has been committed, the separation from home, the laceration of domestic ties, the removal of the main prop of a poor man's family, the consequent destitution of wife and children meanwhile, debts incurred requiring a twelvemonth's self-denial to wipe off—all this is as nothing to some of your rural and clerical "unpaid," when a favor is to be done to a *gentleman*, who wishes to rid himself of some trivial annoyance, or gratify a petty spite. Let Sir James Graham vouch for the integrity and kindliness of the justices of England—it is all in the way of his business; we do not hesitate to aver our belief that the records of magisterial conduct, could they but be sifted, contain stories, by no means unfrequent, of heartless cruelty and oppression which not Russia or Egypt could outmatch.

Our readers will probably remember the cases of Thomas Lakin and Ann Ward, committed to Leicester county gaol for the *crime* of having been unable to pay a poor's rate, in April last, being brought under the notice of the houses of Parliament. The rate, in that instance, having been paid by a charitable gentleman, Thomas Lakin was released, and afterwards re-committed for inability to pay costs. The illegality and inhumanity of the course pursued were admitted, and condemned by the Lord Chancellor and by the Home Secretary, and the poor man was liberated by Sir James Graham's order, just three days before his term of imprisonment had expired. Well, the unhappy victim is again in prison for the same crime—inability to pay, out of wages averaging 9s. 8d. per week, a rate to the poor, after having satisfied his landlord, and provided, with the remaining 8s. a scanty support for a wife and four children, the eldest eleven years old, and *blind*, and the youngest barely 12 months. Here is little more than a shilling a day with which to furnish sustenance to six persons; and, because no surplus remains for the poor (save the mark!) Lakin is sent a third time to gaol. The committing magistrates are R. G. Cresswell, Esq. and the *Reverend* (yes! we will give him his title) the *Reverend* Sir Nigel Gresley. Is R. G. Cresswell, Esq. he of the Loughborough bench, the bad fame of which has reached the extremities of the empire? If so, we are not surprised at his decision. He, it appears, was one of the committing magistrates on the first occasion of poor Lakin's imprisonment, and we believe he usually discharges this function of his office with evident relish. The wonder to us is, how, in both instances, he managed to find a pliant or sympathizing colleague; but we are told clerical magistrates reserve their mercy for the gospel, and pique themselves upon severity in the administration of law. We beg to congratulate the worthy pair. They must have enjoyed a good day's sport. It is not every day that gentlemen have a chance of running down incarnate poverty merely for its own sake. Here there was everything to give them unalloyed satisfaction. The man's destitution is attested by the fact, that even the little furniture which he uses belongs to his landlord. He can show an excellent character, too, which makes the sport of worrying him to the grave all the more exciting. And to crown all, he has been hunted before, and must therefore be all the more sensitive to this cruel infliction. Could R. G. Cresswell, Esq. find anything more felicitously suited to his taste?

Seriously, however, we protest that it was a burning disgrace to the character of the British Government that this man was not cashiered from his office, when his doings were last under the notice of the House of Commons. Can it be, that the *Times* is absorbed in surveying its own broad sheets of advertisements?—otherwise, how is it that we have not heard its thunder? We hope some steps will be taken to bring the matter under the special notice of the Home office, and that as *supersedeases* cannot safely be sent to Ireland, to discourage Orangeism, two may be spared for the Ashbyde-la-Zouch Bench, where they will do a world more good.

From Weem's Life of William Penn.

INTERVIEW BTWEEN CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN, 1681.

When William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred:—

"Well, friend William," said Charles, "I have sold you a noble province in North America: but still I suppose that you have no thoughts of going thither yourself."

"Yes, I have," replied William, "and am just come to bid thee farewell."

"What, venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you, that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?"

"The best security in the world," replied Penn.

"I doubt that, said William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligation, I will not send a single soldier with you."

"I want none of thy soldiers," answered William, "I depend on something better than thy soldiers."

The King wished to know *what that was.*

"Why, I depend on themselves—on their *moral sense*—and on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and hath appeared unto all men."

"I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America."

"Why not to them as well as to all others?"

"If it had appeared to them," said the King, they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done."

"That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish, and venison and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now is it to be wondered at, that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice, and that burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?"

Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner."

"I am not afraid of it;" said Penn.

"Aye, how will you avoid? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?"

"Yes; but not by driving these poor people away from them."

"No, indeed, how then will you get their lands?"

"I mean to buy their lands of them."

"Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me."

"Yes; I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands."

"Zounds, man!—no right to their lands?"

"No, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to *their* lands?"

"Why, the right of discovery; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another."

"The right of *discovery!* a strange kind of right indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, some canoeloads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy Island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?"

"Why—why—why," replied Charles, "I must confess, I should think it a piece of great imprudence in them."

"Well, then, how canst thou, a CHRISTIAN and a CHRISTIAN PRINCE too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in those people whom thou callest *savages?* Yes, friend Charles, and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

The King assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—"Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a *Christian*, do what I should abhor even in heathens? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By so doing, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."

The Steam Slave Schooner Cacique.—This vessel, lately captured on the coast of Africa, was formerly the propellor Tigress, built especially for the Richmond and New-York line, and afterwards employed in the Philadelphia trade. Her machinery continually getting out of order, induced the owners to dispose of her, which they did considerably below her cost. She was purchased by Jose Antonio de Seix, for a packet-boat on one of the rivers of South America. She sailed from here under Brazilian colors, and was cleared at the Custom House, with Brazilian papers, for Rio Janeiro. The statement of a morning paper that the former owners were aware that she was purchased for the Slave-Trade, as far as we can learn, is without foundation.—*Herald.*

GREAT LITERARY ENTERPRISE!

BOOKS by mail!—Smith's Weekly Volume—second year. The cash system carried to its utmost limit!!

TEN COPIES FOR $2 50 PER ANNUM EACH!!

The Weekly Volume; a Select Circulating Library for town and country. On the first Wednesday of January, 1846, commences, at Philadelphia, the second year of Smith's Weekly Volume, a select circulating library for town and country, on the plan of Waldie's, at a greatly reduced price, of a larger size, and new type.—Conducted by the original, and, for the first seven years, the sole editor of Waldie's Library.

The publisher has the pleasure of announcing that the success of this periodical is such as to insure its continuance upon a permanent footing. A probation of one year, during which more than one hundred thousand of our Weekly Volumes have spread over the land, has established us, we believe, in the good opinions of many; we hope to be confirmed in this pleasant position, and to acquire new friends and well-wishers. We may venture to assert, that there have been included in our past pages many books and essays of first-rate merit; there have been displayed wisdom, and wit, and humour—true poetry and story; knowledge has been mingled with lighter matter, and we trust made agreeable. We may the less hesitate to ascribe to the various works these eminent qualities, since they are mostly not productions of our own, but from the pens of authors of admitted talent, many of whom are well known, and some of them enjoying a high and undoubted celebrity.

Our plan embraces the publication of the newest and best books in the various departments of Travels, Voyages, Tales, Sketches, Biography and Memoirs, in short, the whole range of polite literature, and including translations made expressly for the work. The editor does not, however, sacrifice at the shrine of mere novelty in any of these departments. When a new book does not offer of the required character, he will, as before, extend his research among the numerous works which he has already within his reach, besides the many which are afforded by his regular importations from Europe. From the arrangements now completed, all books of merit or popularity come under his inspection, by the regular steam-ships, and his situation as Librarian to the Philadelphia City Library, still the largest in America, with his collateral connections, give him access to, and a knowledge of, the best and most extensive public and private collections on this continent. In addition he has the aid of many judicious literary friends to assist in pointing out suitable fare for his readers, who he has no doubt will be of that judicious class which will make it imperative on him to use the utmost diligence in furnishing good and wholesome literary aliment.

—*Terms*—

"The Weekly Volume, or Select Circulating Library," is printed on a double super-royal sheet, twenty-seven inches by forty, sixteen pages quarto, three columns on each, and mailed weekly, with great care, so as to carry with perfect safety to the most distant post-office.

*** The Journal of Belles Lettres. By thus increasing the size of the paper, we occupy, without decreasing the quantity of book-matter, the two first pages as a Journal of Belles Lettres, formerly printed as a cover. This leaf, while it becomes an introduction to the work that follows, contains also original literary matter and news, criticisms, lists of new books, with a guide to their respective merits, and in fact embraces what might properly be called the literary market. This mode of introducing the Journal matter is rendered necessary to pass the entire two periodicals through the post-office at the price of a single newspaper postage.

The whole is printed and finished with the same care and accuracy as book-work. The fifty-two numbers form two volumes truly worthy of preservation, of four hundred and sixteen pages each, equal in quantity to twelve hundred pages, or three volumes of Ree's Cyclopedia. Each volume is accompanied by a title page and index.

The Weekly numbers are put up in a paper cover, in Quarterly Parts, for those who prefer that form; they go by mail in that shape.

The price is Four Dollars, for fifty-two numbers of sixteen quarto pages each.

But, to facilitate the circulation and increase its public utility, the publisher offers the following extraordinary inducements to individuals to procure their friends and neighbours to unite in clubs and remittances, viz:

I. A club of three individual sub-cribers, uniting their payments or remittances, shall receive three copies of the work for a year for Ten Dollars, or $3 33 each.

II. A club of five individual subscribers shall receive five copies of the work for Fifteen Dollars, or $3 each.

III. A club of ten individuals shall receive ten copies for Twenty-five Dollars, or $2 50 each.

But in no case can the publication be forwarded unless the order is accompanied with the remittance, which may be made in notes of any solvent bank.

By uniting in their remittances, members of clubs will now receive the work at a much lower price than the former agents of Mr. Waldie, who paid cash weekly for one thousand copies. In short, the work is reduced one-half the former price, while the quantity of reading matter remains the same. Our arrangements are all completed for the fulfilment of our part of the contract in the most liberal manner.

Subscribers' names for the new volume should be immediately forwarded. A limited number must be printed, and no disappointment can occur to those who remit early.

A specimen number will be forwarded, without charge to all who request it, post paid; or may be procured at the publication office.

LLOYD P. SMITH, *Publisher.*

No. 19 St. James Street, running from 6th to 7th, above Market, and directly in the rear of St. James' Church.

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1845. 3t

KENNETT SQUARE ACADEMY.

The location of this Institution, so generally known for the intelligence, enterprise, and high moral character of its population—is unsurpassed for beauty of situation, and healthiness of climate.

The course of instruction includes English Grammar, Geography, (of the Earth and Heavens, with the use of Globes,) plain and ornamental Penmanship, Pen Drawing, &c. Elocution (upon the system of Dr. Comstock,) Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, History, Rhetoric, &c. &c., Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Mensuration, Surveying, Analytical Geometry, Differential Calculus, and Astronomy—together with the Greek, Latin, and French languages, &c.

Regular Lectures will be delivered, and examinations had during each session, at the close of which there will be a public exhibition.

TERMS—$50,00 per session, of 5 months—*and no extra charges.*

The winter session will commence on the third day of the 11th month, (Nov.) next. For references and other particulars, address the subscribers, Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa.

JONATHAN LAMBORN, }
LEWIS LAMBORN. }

Kennett Square, Oct. 9, 1845.—3m.

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.

No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

$10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year, sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on-hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books, and useful and fancy stationery.

All letters relating to the business of the office should be directed to *